CIRCULATION LAST WEEK
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Poetry.

SEEIN' THINGS.

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' 'round
So softly and so creepy-like they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me —so.
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;
An' I am, Oh, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again!
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' see things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they 's pie for supper or cakes 'at 's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice!
No, rather 'n' see starvation wipe me slowly out of sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

—Eugene Field.

WIDDY M'GREW.

Out o'er the sands where the waves ripple gayly,
A vision with eyes of the tinderest blue
Trips merrily into the g'ad water daily;
The Pearl of the Sea is sweet Widdy McGrew!
Her glance is so kind, her smile is so winning,
So graceful her figure, her laughter so true,
That a'l I can hear is me heart wildly dinning:
"I love ye, I love ye, sweet Widdy McGrew!"

Last night we were strolling the wide beach together,
Alone in the moonlight, her hand on me arm;
Whin sudden she halted and asked of me whether
I heard drums a-beating or fire bells' alarm?
Me heart stopped a moment, me tongue grew unruly;
I said: "I hear guns, bells, and drums beating, too;
But it's all in me heart, and the raison is truly
I love ye, I love ye, sweet Widdy McGrew!"

The secret was out and I stood there a-trembling;
In dreadful suspense for an age d'd I stand;
She gazed on the ground, either shy or dissembling,
And scraped with her shoe a deep hole in the sand.
"Its grave she is digging," despairful I muttered,
"And sure I shall fill it, for dead soon I'll be."
Whin she gave me a look and thin timidly uttered:
"You'll hear all that din whin the b'ys shivaree."

Sweet Widdy McGrew, your smile is so winning,
Your eyes are so tinder, your laughter so true,
Me heart day and night will forever be dinning:
"I love ye, I love ye"—not Widdy McGrew.

—J. P. G. in the New York Sun.

Miscellany.

SHE BET A KISS.

But Took a Mean Advantage When She Lost the Wager.

"Why do you seem to try to avoid Miss Sweet?" asked the man with the cigar. "Only a week ago you were devoted to her."

The man with the cigarette scowled.

"Don't speak of her," he said. "She is the most aggravating, underhanded and designing girl that ever walked the earth."

"What has she done?"

"Oh, she hasn't done a thing but play a regular confidence game on me," returned the man with the cigarette. "You see, we made a bet."

"Yes."

"I bet a box of candy against a kiss on what was practically a certainty in my favor and she knew that there wasn't one chance in a thousand of my losing."

"I see. The inference being—"

"The inference being," said the man with the cigarette with emphasis, "that she would a little rather lose the bet than win it. Naturally I was considerably elated, but to avoid any possible mistake I made her promise that she would surely pay if she lost and not try to get out of it on any technicality."

"And she agreed?"

"Promised faithfully—in fact, seemed offended to think that I had deemed it necessary to exact such a promise, said she was a girl of her word and whatever she promised she would do. And then I won the bet."

"Yes—and she?"

"Well, she kept out of my way for a while, so that I had no chance to collect, but finally I caught her and asked her if she intended to pay the bet."

"'Pay it!' she cried. 'Why, I've already paid it.'

"'I've never received that kiss,' I asserted.

"'Then you've no one but your sister to blame,' she answered. 'I gave it to her to give to you.'"

The man with the cigar gave a low whistle.

"That was a mean trick," he admitted. "But that wasn't the worst of it," continued the man with the cigarette. "It knocked me out so that I hadn't a word to say, and the next day she told my sister that she didn't think much of a man who hadn't gumption to collect a kiss that he had fairly won. I tell you, a woman is the most aggravating and contradictory thing that was ever sent to torture man."—Chicago Post.

The Application.

"Pay as yo go, William," said the grocery man to his assistant. "It's a good motto."

"Yes, sir."

"And, by the way, you needn't bother so much about Mr. Jaykins. He always pays cash, and when he takes anything he knows he can't get his money back. But be very careful about Mr. Faykins. See that he gets the best of everything. He owes us $27."—Washington Star.

He Needn't Have Worried.

"Esmeralda," he said hoarsely, "I am waiting for your answer."

"Oh, forgive me, Tom. I was thinking."

"What were you thinking of?"

"I was thinking how I would have my wedding dress made, dear."—Odds and Ends.

HOME OF THE MARSHALLS

WHERE THE JURIST AND THE ORATOR WERE REARED.

An Ancient Homestead in Kentucky Which Has Been the Home of One Family Over a Hundred Years.

Few places in Kentucky possess the historic interest which attaches to "Buckpond," which has been the home of the famous Marshall family for more than a century. In all that time it has never been out of the family, and is the only estate in this county not held by deed, but by the revolutionary land grant, received by Col. Thomas Marshall, the great-grandfather of the present owner. This Col. Marshall saved the American army at Brandywine, and was presented with a sword by the Continental Congress. He built the fine old house at "Buckpond" in 1783, having emigrated from Virginia. He had all the nails and hinges used in its construction made by the blacksmith of his native state, brought them down the Ohio river, and hauled them for many miles overland on the backs of the mules. The house is built of logs, and weather-boarded, and shows no signs whatever of decay, in spite of its 113 years. It was a very handsome residence, for those years, and the massive colonial interior woodwork would make lovers of that period wild with delight.

The present owner, Louis Marshall, has altered the appearance of the front somewhat by adding a large porch, and was compelled to replaster a number of rooms, but otherwise the old house has suffered no alteration. The cellars are tremendous, with ceilings 9 or 10 feet high. I found one of them filled with thousands of hickory laths, taken off the recently replastered walls. These laths are thicker in the center and taper toward the end. They are very large and heavy, and were every one of them hewn

THE MARSHALL HOME.

out by hand, all of the many thousand lath nails being fashioned in the same manner. The huge oak girders are a curiosity, and there is enough hardwood in the building, if sawed up in moderate thicknesses, to almost build a village.

The Marshall family is of Norman origin, and traces back to Gilbert Marschal, Duke of Pembroke, in the 13th century. The Col. Thomas Marshall first mentioned, married a niece of George Keith, the last hereditary earl of the old Scotch Mareschals, who fled to Prussia after the rebellion of 1715, and became famous in the service of Frederick the Great. So it will be seen that the Marshall blood is of the most cerulean hue, and is equally distinguished at both ends of the family tree.

Col. Thomas Marshall's eldest son was the great Chief Justice of the United States, John Marshall, perhaps the most celebrated judge who ever occupied that bench, and who is the hero of many stories, setting forth the great simplicity and kindness of his character. Everybody has heard the story of how the Chief Justice played marbles with the little boy. A younger brother was Dr. Louis Marshall, who received "Buckpond" from his father, Col. Marshall. Dr. Louis was the father of the Famous Thomas F. Marshall, the noted Congressman, brilliant orator and humorist. The latter was reared at "Buckpond," and died there. The great orator was devotedly attached to the place, and spent much of his time there. His brother, Edward Colston Marshall, also noted for his brilliant oratory, made a celebrated race against Senator Joe Blackburn for Congress in 1874, which created more of a sensation than any race ever made in the political history of the Ashland district. He removed to California a number of years ago, with his family,

CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL.

where he became Attorney General of the state, acquired a large practice and good-sized fortune. He died some years ago, and it is his son Louis who now lives at the old home. Louis Marshall went with his father to California, became prominent in business, and was for a long time president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. From the time he left Kentucky, however, he cherished constantly the idea of returning to the old home, and when he had sufficient quantity of California gold to bring back with him, fulfilled his dreams. He is a charming man and the very soul of hospitality.

The house contains a wealth of history of pioneer days in the West in the shape of rare old books, long since out of print, relics of Indian wars, etc. One of the most valuable antiquities is a book printed in 1526, entitled "A Cornucopia of Ancient History," which was presented in 1836 to Dr. Louis Marshall by Dr. Davis, of Mississippi, the father of Jefferson Davis, and which contains the autograph inscription of the giver. The book is bound in vellum and printed in Latin. It is the size of Webser's Dictionary, and weighs about 12 pounds.

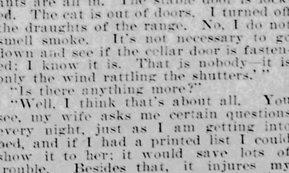
The present occupant of "Buckpond" also became heir to a valuable collection of famous old dueling pistols, including the weapon with which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton. The authenticity of the Burr pistol is unquestioned, and it has had a remarkable history. Judge Van Ness, who was the second of Aaron Burr, marked the fatal pistol and gave it to Col. Jas. Bowie, together with its mate, the Hamilming a bayou. Subsequently he gave the Burr pistol to Dr. Carr, the superintendent of

TOM MARSALL.

the United States arsenal at Baltimore, who acted as second for Thos. F. Marshall in his duel with James Watson Webb, editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, in which Webb was shot in the knee and crippled for life. It was while Marshall was in Congress that a scurrilous attack on him appeared in the Courier and Examiner. Marshall demanded a retraction, and when Webb refused he challenged him. After this duel Dr. Carr presented the Burr pistol to Capt. Marshall, who afterwards gave it to his brother, Edward C. Marshall.

The latter carried it through the Mexican war, and at his death bequeathed it to is present owner, Louis Marshall. While in the possession of Capt. Tom Marshall he had it altered from a flint to a percussion lock. It shoots very accurately, and carries a 2-ounce ball. Its barrel is 12 inches long, and resembles a section of a shotgun.

His fight with Webb was only one of four duels fought by Thomas Marshall, and it was through no fault of his that a fifth was not added to the list. He never struck a blow with his hand, but when insulted promptly issued a challenge, which was not always accepted. His first "affair" took place in Louisville in 1835. The story goes that he received an insult in the dining room of a



THE PISTOL WITH WHICH AARON BURR KILLED ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

hotel, which was followed up after dinner by the same individual, whose name is now forgotten, but the name of his second one is still remembered in the South as that of the most terrible duelist of that day—John Rowan. They met and exchanged three shots, without effect, and it was in consequence of this duel, particularly Rowan's unfair conduct on the field, as claimed by Marshall, that a second duel was fought between Rowan and Marshall, in which the latter received a bullet in his hip, which he carried to his grave.

Marshall's fourth duel was fought with Gen. James S. Jackson, during the Mexican war. He sought to fix a quarrel upon the desperately brave Gen. Cassius M. Clay, and was only prevented from fighting by being arrested and threatened with court-martial.

After such an adventurous life, he sleeps quietly enough on his ancestral domain, his grave being within sight of the old house now tenanted by the fourth and fifth generations of the family it has sheltered so long.—Versailles, Ky., Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

IS YOUR WIFE LIKE THIS?

A Printed List Would Save Considerable Trouble.

The other day a thin, tired-looking man entered a printing office, says the New York Journal, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"I want to have a list printed. Suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The proprietor made ready and the man said:

"'Yes, I'm sure I locked the front door.' Have you got that?"

"Yes, but I don't understand."

"Never mind. Don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready? All right, then, 'I turned out the gas in the bath room.'"

"Well?"

"'The kitchen windows are fastened.'"

"Yes."

"'The dog is in the cellar. The servants are all in. The stable door is locked. The cat is out of doors. I turned off the draughts of the range. No, I do not smell smoke. It's not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened; I know it is. That is nobody—it is only the wind rattling the shutters.'"

"Is there anything more?"

"Well, I think that's about all. You see, my wife asks me certain questions every night, just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a printed list I could show it to her; it would save lots of trouble. Besides that, it injures my lungs to answer them. Have the lists printed as soon as possible, please."

His Little Weakness.

Inquiring Tourist (in Oklahoma)—What kind of a man is your pastor, the Rev. Jack Jonks?

Alkali Ike—Finest kind of a feller! Hain't got but one fault, in the world—he's so danged quarrelsome when he is drunk.—New York World.

SIGNS.

When the twigs begin to rustle
And the birds are all a-bustle
On the bough;
When an azure sky discloses
Promise sweet of June with roses
On her brow;
When the brook that sang so sadly
Welcomes every sunbeam, gladly
Frolicking;
When to wood songs' subtle rhyming
Countless echoes soft are chiming,
Then it's spring.

When your clothes seem dank and clinging
And you cannot hear the singing,
Since a cold
Gave your head that buzz ecstatic,
When you throb with sharp, erratic,
Pains untold;
When good natured folk assure you
That they know just what will cure you,
And you bring
A most harrowing melancholy
'Mongst your friends who would be jolly—
Then it's spring.

—Washington Star.

NOT AN ANARCHIST.

An Alarm Before the Young Man Discovered What Was Loaded.

A sedate-looking young man strolled in an abstracted way into Delmonico's on Thursday evening, says the New York Sun. He carried under his left arm a little square package done up in light wrapping paper and tied with a pink string. He was apparently a man of methodical habits. The hotel detective mentally noted this for future reference. Methodical men are sometimes as dangerous as those who work "without a purpose or a plan." There was nothing about the aspect of the young man that might lead the casual observer to suspect him of being an anarchist. His hair was of ordinary length and his linen was faultless. It is on record, however, that there have been anarchists who have defied the traditions of their kind and have become addicted to the bath and fine apparel.

The young man set his package down on the table with a carefulness that was remarked by the waiter who took his order, and did not recognize him as a steady customer. After wiping his eyeglasses and adjusting them, the young man leaned back in his chair and scanned the bill of fare. He startled the waiter by remarking:

"I think I will take a plate of beef and——"

Then he realized where he was, and called for a bottle and a bird. Then something happened that threw the restaurant into turmoil. The young man got up as if he had sat on a tack, and examined the seat of his chair. There was a muffled clatter that sounded to the waiters like the electrical buzz of an infernal machine. They regarded the movements of the young man as somewhat suspicious. The young man himself seemed to be in almost as much of a state of mind as the waiters. He could not imagine where the whir-r-r-r-r came from. He peered under the table after inspecting his chair. Forty persons in the restaurant had concentrated a startled gaze upon him. He was unaffected by their scrutiny, but was much puzzled by the muffled whir-r-r-r-r.

Sixteen waiters gathered around him, looking pale and apprehensive. The hotel detective stalked toward the young man, trying his best to look as if he were not afraid. The stolid expression of the young man changed to one of joyful relief. He picked up the pink-corded package, and the sound that came from it convinced even the hotel detective that the young man had bought an alarm clock. All the waiters smiled and returned in a hurry to their respective places. The young man did not know that the alarm clock was loaded.

THE KANSAS CYNIC.

He Is Still Making a Few Caustic Comments.

No one ever thinks that a boy is tired, says the Atchison Globe.

As a woman loses her youth and beauty she tries to make up the loss in culture.

It is not safe to bet on what you "feel in your bones" unless you bet on rheumatism.

There are some men who experience no greater enjoyment than sharpening a dull knife.

Every girl who is very thin creates the impression that she is composed largely of soul.

If nature gave you a certain disposition you simply irritate yourself by trying to get over it.

An Atchison girl feels that she is competent to go on the stage because she can shrug her shoulders.

An Atchison woman who will go on a short trip Friday is already worrying for fear that she will miss her train.

There are some women who are reminded that they are superior creatures every time a man takes off his hat to them.

When a man starts down hill people seem to take an interest in letting him go, out of curiosity to see where he will land.

It is the height of folly to make old people happy; show them some one twenty years older than themselves who is still in good health.

Having company may mean the exercising of hospitable instincts to the women, but it means giving up the rocking chair to the men.

When a church is assigned a new minister the women members think for a time that they have lost all interest in the cause, but they soon begin to love the new man as much as they loved the old one.

He Was Handicapped.

Minister—"Ah, John, John! ye've fallen again, an' I ken weel ye've spent a' yer hard earned but saving. Man, ye'll never be able tae keep onything, an' ye'll dee a puir man."

John—"Thash ol' ri' mecnister—hic—but what can ye expec' o' a man—hic—wha' canna' even keep—hic—his feet?"—Pittsburg News.

Downing a Lie.

Editor's Wife—Pretty condition for you to come home in—staggering through the streets in broad daylight.

Dilipidated Spouse—Couldn't help it, m'dear; been accused of (hic) bribery.

Editor's Wife—Bribery!

"Yes, m'dear; people said I was (hic) bribed to oppose pro'bition. Had to show folks I 'posed pro'bition m'own accord."—New York Weekly.

Her Chief Charm.

Mrs. Durbin—How do you manage to keep the same girl so long? Mine always get so careless that I have to make a change every few months.

Mrs. Milton—Well, Mary isn't a model in all respects, but my husband thinks she is one of the homeliest persons he ever saw.—Cleveland Leader.

Breaking It to Her.

Mrs. Gayburdd (whose husband is ill from drink)—Well, doctor, tell me the worst.

Dr. Dosem—Well, madame—he will recover.—Judge.

His Repertoire.

"Have you learned any fancy methods of skating?" asked the young woman.

"No," replied White Washington, "I can skate only one ways."

"Which are they?"

"Standing up and sitting down."—Washington Star.

A Delicate Hint.

Mr. Timido—"And what party were you inclined to favor during the campaign, Miss Wantowed?"

Miss Wantowed (blushing)—"Well, I think I preferred the 'pops.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Might Be Overlooked.

"I would not marry a woman who did not know how to cook."

"Oh, I might overlook a little thing like that, if she had money enough to pay my board."—Indianapolis Journal.

One of the Presents.

Hogan—"How did yez git thot eye?"

Brogan—"I clibrated me birt'day lasht avenin'."—Judge.

Impossible.

"Frederick doesn't love me any more."

"I'm sorry, dear. What's the matter?"

"He says it's impossible."—Up-to-Date.

Our Serial Story.

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THREE PARTNERS;

OR,

The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

BY BRET HARTE.

He rose quickly, but silently—alert, self-contained and menacing. For this dreamer, this bereaved man, this scornful philosopher of riches had disappeared with that midnight trespass upon the sacred treasure. The movement of the blanket ceased; the soft, swishing sound recommenced. He drew a glittering bowie knife from his brother, and in three noiseless strides was beside the pile. There he saw what he fully expected to see—a narrow, horizontal gap between the log walls of the cabin and the adobe floor, slowly widening and deepening by the burrowing of unseen hands from without. The cold outer air which he had felt before was now plainly flowing into the heated cabin through the opening. The swishing sound recommenced and stopped. Then the four fingers of a hand, palm downward, were cautiously introduced between the bottom log and the denuded floor. Upon that intruding hand the bowie knife of Demorest descended like a flash of lightning. There was no outcry—even in that supreme moment Demorest felt a pang of admiration for the stoicism of the unseen trespasser—but the maimed hand was quickly withdrawn. And as quickly Demorest rushed to the door and dashed into the outer darkness.

For an instant he was dazed and bewildered by the sudden change. But the next moment he saw a dodging, doubling figure running after him, and threw himself upon it. In the shock both men fell, but even in that contact Demorest felt the tangled beard and alcoholic fumes of Whiskey Dick, and felt also that the hands which were thrown up against his breast, the palms turned outward with the instinctive movement of a timid, defenceless man, were unstained by soil or blood. With an oath he threw the drunkard from him, and dashed to the rear of the cabin. But too late! There, indeed, was the scattered earth, there the widened burrow as it had been excavated apparently by that mutilated hand—but nothing else!

He turned back to Whiskey Dick. But the miserable man, although still retaining a look of dazed terror in his eyes, had recovered his feet in a kind of angry confidence and forced sense of injury. What did Demorest mean by attacking "innoshent" gentlemen on the trail outside his cabin? Yes! outside his cabin, he would swear it!

"What were you doing here at midnight?" demanded Demorest.

What was he doing? What was any gentleman doing? He wasn't any molycoddle, to go to bed at 10 o'clock? What was he doing? Well—he'd been with men who didn't shut their doors and turn the boys out just in the shank of the evening. He wasn't any Barker, to be wet-nursed by Demorest.

"Some one else was here?" said Demorest, sternly, with his eyes fixed on Whiskey Dick. The dull glaze which seemed to veil the outer world from the drunkard's pupils shifted suddenly with such a look of direct horror that Demorest was fain to turn away his own. But the veil mercifully returned, and with it Dick's worked-up sense of injury. Nobody was there—not "a shole." Did Demorest think if there had been any of his friends there they would have stood by like "dogsh" and seen him insulted?

Demorest turned away and re-entered the cabin as Dick lurched heavily forward, still muttering, down the trail. The excitement over, a sickening repugnance to the whole incident took the place of Demorest's resentment and indignation. There had been a cowardly attempt to rob them of their miserable treasure. He had met it and frustrated it in almost as brutal a fashion; the gold was already tarnished with blood. To his surprise, not relief, he found his partners unconscious of the outrage, still sleeping with the physical immobility of over-excited and tired men. Should he awaken them? No. He should have to awaken also their suspicions and desire for revenge. There was no danger of a further attack; there was no fear that the culprit would disclose himself, and to-morrow they would be far away. Let oblivion rest upon that night's stain on the honor of Heavy Tree Hill.

He rolled a small barrel before the opening, smoothed the dislodged earth, replaced the pan with its treasure, and trusted that in the bustle of the early morning departure his partners might not notice any change. Stopping before the bunk of Stacy, he glanced at the sleeping man. He was lying on his back, but breathing heavily, and his hands were moving toward his chest as if, indeed, his strange fancy of the golden incubus were being realized. Demorest would have wakened him, but presently, with a sigh of relief, the sleeper turned over on his side. It was pleasanter to look at Barker, whose damp curls were matted over his smooth boyish forehead, and whose lips were parted in a smile under the silken wings of his brown mustache. He, too, seemed to be trying to speak, and remembering some previous revelations which had amused them, Demorest leaned over him fraternally with an answering smile, waiting for the beloved one's name to pass the young man's lips. But he only murmured, "Three—hundred—thousand dollars!" The elder man turned away with a grave face. The influence of the treasure was paramount.

When he had placed one of the chairs against the unprotected door at an angle which would prevent any easy or noiseless intrusion, Demorest threw himself without undressing on his bunk and turned his face toward the single window of the cabin that looked toward the east. He did not apprehend another covert attempt against the gold. He did not fear a robbery with force of arms, although he was satisfied that there were more than one concerned in it, but that he attributed only to the incumbering weight of their expected booty. He simply waited for the dawn. It was some time before his eyes were greeted with the vague opaline brightness of the firmament which meant the vanishing of the pallid snow line before the coming day. A bird twittered on the roof. The air was chill; he drew his blanket around him. Then he closed his eyes, he fancied only for a moment, but when he opened them the door was standing open in the strong daylight. He sprang to his feet, but the next moment he saw it was only Stacy who had passed out and was returning fully dressed, bringing water from the spring to fill the kettle. But Stacy's face was so grave that, recalling his disturbed sleep, Demorest laughingly inquired if he had been haunted by the treasure. But to his surprise Stacy put down the kettle and with a hurried glance at the still sleeping Barker, said in a low voice:

"I want you to do something for me without asking why. Later I will tell you."

Demorest looked at him fixedly. "What is it?" he said.

"The pack mules will be here in a few moments. Don't wait to close up or put away anything here but clap that gold in the saddle-bags and take Barker with you and light out for Boomville at once. I will overtake you later."

"Is there no time to discuss this?" asked Demorest.

"No," said Stacy sharply. "Call me a crank. Say I'm in a blue funk"—his compressed lips and sharp black eyes did not lend themselves much to that hypothesis—"only get out of this with that stuff and take Barker with you. I'm not responsible for myself while it's here."

Demorest knew Stacy to be combative but practical, if he had not been assured of his partner's last night's slumbers he might have thought he knew of the attempt. Or if he had discovered the turned-up ground in the rear of the cabin his curiosity would have demanded an explanation. Demorest paused only for a moment and said, "Very well, I will go."

"Good. I'll rouse out Barker, but not a word to him except that he must go."

The routing out of Barker consisted of Stacy's lifting that young gentleman bodily from his bunk and standing him upright in the open doorway. But Barker was accustomed to this Spartan process, and after a moment's balancing with closed lids like an unwrapped mummy, he sat down in the doorway and began to dress. He at first demurred to their departure except all together; it was so unfraternal; but eventually he allowed himself to be persuaded out of it and into his clothes. For Barker had also had his visions in the night; one of which was that they should build a beautiful villa on the site of the old cabin and solemnly agree to come every year and pass a week in it together. "I thought at first," said he, sliding along the floor in search of different articles of his dress or stopping gravely to eaten them as they were thrown to him by his partners, "that we'd have it at Boomville, as being handier to get there; but I've concluded we'd better have it here, a little higher up on the hill, where it could be seen over the whole Black Spur range. When we weren't here we could use it as a hut of refuge for broken-down or washed-out miners, or weary travelers, like those hospices in the Alps, you know, and have somebody to keep it for us. You see I've thought over that, and Van Loo is the very man to take charge of it for us. You see he's got such good manners and speaks two languages. Lord! if a German or Frenchman came along, poor and distressed, Van Loo would just chip in his own language. See? You've just got to think of all these details, you see, my boys. And we might call it, 'The Rest of the Three Partners,' or 'Three Partners' Rest.'"

"And you might begin by giving us one," said Stacy. "Dry up and drink your coffee."

"I'll draw out the plans, I've got it all in my head," continued the enthusiastic Barker, unheeding the interruption. "I'll just run out and take a look at the site—it's only right back of the cabin." But here Stacy caught him by his dangling belt as he was flying out of the door with one boot on, and thrust him down in a chair, with a tin cup of coffee in his hand.

"Keep the plans in your head, Barker," said Demorest, "for here are the pack mules and packer." This was quite enough to divert the impressionable young man, who speedily finished his dressing, as a mule, bearing a large pack saddle, two enormous saddle-bags, or pouches, drove up before the door, led by a muleteer on a small horse. The transfer of the treasure to the saddle-bags was quickly made by their united strength, as the first rays of the sun were beginning to paint the hillside. Shading his keen eyes with his hand, Stacy stood in the doorway and handed Demorest the two rifles. Demorest hesitated. "Hadn't you better keep one?" he said, looking in his partner's eyes with his first challenge of curiosity. The sun seemed to put a humorous twinkle into Stacy's glance as he returned: "Not much! And you'd better take my revolver with you, too. I'm feeling a little better now," he said, looking at the saddle-bags, "but I'm not fit to be trusted yet with carnal weapons. When the other mule comes and is packed I'll overtake you on the horse."

A little more satisfied, although still wondering and perplexed, Demorest shouldered one rifle, and, with Barker, who was carrying the other, followed the muleteer and his equipage down the trail. For a while he was a little ashamed of his part of this unusual spectacle of two armed men conveying a laden mule in broad daylight, but, luckily, it was still early for the Bar miners to be going to work, and as the tunnel men were now at breakfast, the trail was free of wayfarers. At the point where it crossed the main road Demorest, however, saw Steptoe and Whiskey Dick emerge from the thicket, apparently in earnest conversation. Demorest felt his repugnance and half-restrained suspicions suddenly return. Yet he did not wish to betray them before Barker, nor was he willing, in case of an emergency, to allow the young man to be entirely unprepared. Calling him to follow he ran quickly ahead of the laden mule, and was relieved to find, that, looking back, his companion had brought his rifle to a "ready" through some distinctive feeling of defence. As Steptoe and Whiskey Dick, a moment later discovering them, were evidently surprised there seemed, however, to be no reason for fearing an outbreak. Suddenly at a whisper from Steptoe, he and Whiskey Dick both threw up their hands and stood still on the trail a few yards from them in a burlesque of the usual recognized attitude of helplessness while a hoarse laugh broke from Steptoe.

"Good—d if we didn't think you were road agents! But we see you're only guardin' your treasure. Rather fancy style for Heavy Tree Hill, ain't it! Things must be gettin' rough up that-a-hey to take out your guns like that!"

Demorest had looked keenly at the four hands thus exhibited, and was more concerned that they bore no trace of wounds or mutilation than at the insult of the speech—particularly as he had a distinct impression that the action was intended to show him the futility of his suspicions.

"I am glad to see that if you haven't any arms in your hands you're not incapable of handling them," said Demorest coolly, as he passed by them and again fell into the rear of the muleteer. But Barker had thought the incident very funny and laughed effusively at Whiskey Dick. "I didn't know that Steptoe was up to that kind of fun," he said, "and I suppose we did look rather rough with those guns as we ran on ahead of the mules. But then you know that when you called to me I really thought you were in for a shindy. All the same, Whiskey Dick did that 'hands up' to perfection; how he managed it I don't know, but his knees seemed to knock together as if he was in a real funk."

Demorest had thought so, too, but he made no reply. How far that miserable drunkard was a forced or willing accomplice of the events of last night was part of a question that had become more and more repugnant to him as he was leaving the scene of it forever. It had come upon him, desecrating the dream he had dreamt that last night and turning its hopeful climax to bitterness. Small wonder that Barker, walking by his side, had his quick sympathies aroused, and as he saw that shadow, which they were all familiar with, but had never sought to penetrate, fall upon his companion's handsome face, even his youthful spirit yielded to it. They were both relieved when the clatter of hoofs behind them, as they reached the valley, announced the approach of Stacy. "I started with the second mule and the last load soon after you left," he explained, "and have just passed them. I thought it better to join you and let the other load follow. Nobody will interfere with that."

"Then you are satisfied?" said Demorest, regarding him steadfastly.

He turned in his saddle and pointed to the crest of the hill they had just descended. Above the pines circling the lower slope above the bare ledges of rock and outcrop, a column of thick black smoke was rising straight as a spire in the windless air.

"That's the old shanty passing away," said Stacy complacently. "I reckon there won't be much of it left before we get to Boomville."

Demorest and Barker stared. "You fired it?" said Barker trembling with excitement.

"Yes," said Stacy. "I couldn't bear to leave the old rookery for coyotes and wild cats to gather in, so I touched her off before I left."

"But——" said Barker.

"But," repeated Stacy composedly. "Hallo, What's the matter with that new plan of 'The Rest' that you're going to build, eh? You don't want them both."

"And you did this rather than leave the dear old cabin to strangers?" said Barker with kindling eyes. "Stacy, I didn't think you had that poetry in you."

"There's heaps in me, Barker boy, that you don't know, and I don't exactly take myself."

"Only," continued the young fellow eagerly, "we ought to have all been there. We ought to have made a solemn rite of it, you know—a kind of sacrifice. We ought to have poured a kind of libation on the ground."

"I did sprinkle a little kerosene over it, I think," returned Stacy, "just to help things along. But if you want to see her flaming, Barker, you just run back to that last corner on the road beyond the big red wood. That's the spot for a view."

As Barker—always devoted to a spectacle—swiftly disappeared, the two men faced each other. "Well, what does it all mean?" said Demorest gravely.

"It means, old man," said Stacy suddenly, "that if we hadn't had nigger luck, the same blind luck that sent us that strike, you and I and that Barker over there would have been swirling in that smoke up to the sky about two hours ago!" He stopped and added in a lower, but earnest voice. "Look here, Phil. When I went out to fetch water this morning I smelt something queer. I went around to the back of the cabin and found a hole dug under the floor and piled against the corner wall a lot of brushwood and a can of kerosene. Some of the kerosene had been already poured on the brush. Everything was ready to light, and only my coming out an hour earlier had frightened the devils away. The idea was to set the place on fire, suffocate us in the smoke of the kerosene poured into the hole, and then to rush in and grab the treasure. It was a systematic plan!"

"No," said Demorest quietly.

"No?" repeated Stacy. "I told you I saw the whole thing and took away the kerosene, which I hid, and after you had gone used it to fire the cabin with to see if the ones I suspected would gather to watch their work."

"It was no part of their first plan," said Demorest, "which was only robbery. Listen." He hurriedly recounted his experience of the preceding night to the astonished Stacy. "No, the fire was an after thought and revenge," he added gravely.

"But you say you cut the robber in the hand; there would be no difficulty in identifying him by that."

"I wounded only a hand," said Demorest. "But there was a head in that attempt that I never saw." He then revealed his own half-suspicions but how they were apparently refuted by the bravado of Steptoe and Whiskey Dick.

"Then that was the reason they didn't gather at the fire," said Stacy quickly.

"Ah!" said Demorest, "then you, too, suspected them?"

Stacy hesitated and then said abruptly, "Yes."

Demorest was silent for a moment. "Why didn't you tell me this this morning?" he said gently.

Stacy pointed to the distant Barker. "I didn't want you to tell him. I thought it better for one partner to keep a secret from two than for the two to keep it from one. Why didn't you tell me of your experience last night?"

"I am afraid it was for the same reason." said Demorest, with a faint smile. "And it sometimes seems to me, Stacy, that we ought to imitate Barker's frankness. In our dread of tainting him with our own knowledge of evil we are sending him out into the world very poorly equipped for all his $200,000."

"I reckon you're right," said Stacy briefly, extending his hand. "Shake on that."

The two men grasped each other's hands.

"And he's no fool, either," continued Demorest; "when we met Steptoe on the road, without a word from me he closed up alongside, with his hand on the lock of his rifle. And I hadn't the heart to praise him or laugh it off."

Nevertheless they were both silent as the object of their criticism bounded down the trail toward them. He had seen the funeral pyre. It was awfully sad—it was awfully lovely, but there was something grand in it. Who could have thought Stacy could be so poetic? But he wanted to tell them something else that was mighty pretty.

"What was it?" said Demorest.

"Well, said Barker, 'don't laugh. But you know that Jack Hamlin? Well, boys, he's been hovering around us on his mustang, keeping us and that pack mule in sight ever since we left. Sometimes he's on a side trail off to the right, sometimes off to the left, but always at the same distance. I didn't like to tell you, boys, for I thought you'd laugh at me; but I think, you know, he's taken a sort of shine to us since he dropped in last night. And I fancy, you see, he's sort of hanging round to see that we get along all right. I'd have pointed him out before, only I reckoned you and Stacy would say he was making up to us for our money."

"And we'd have been wrong, Barker boy," said Stacy with a heartiness that surprised Demorest, "for I reckon your instinct's the right one."

"There he is now," said the gratified Barker, "just abreast of us on the cut-off. He started just after we did, and he's got a horse that could have brought him into Boomville hours ago. It's just his kindness."

He pointed to a distant fringe of buckeye, from which Jack Hamlin had just emerged. Although evidently holding in a powerful mustang, nothing could be more unconscious and gracefully indolent than his attitude. He did not seem to know of the proximity of any other traveler and to care less. His handsome head was lightly thrown back as if he was carolling after his usual fashion, but the distance was too great to make his melody audible to them, or to allow Barker's shout of invitation to reach him. Suddenly he lowered his tightened rein, the mustang sprang forward, and with a flash of silver spurs and bridle fripperies he had disappeared. But as the trail he was pursuing crossed theirs a mile beyond, it seemed quite possible that they should again meet him.

They were now fairly into the Boomville valley, and were entering a narrow arroyo bordered with dusty willows, which effectually excluded the view on either side. It was the bed of a mountain torrent that in winter descended the hillside over the trail by which they had just come, but was now sunk into the thirsty plain between banks that varied from two to five feet in height. The muleteer had advanced into the narrow channel when he suddenly cast a hurried glance behind him, uttered a "Madre de Dios!" and backed his mule and his precious freight against the bank. The sound of hoofs on the trail in their rear had caught his quicker ear, and as the three partners turned they beheld three horse-men thundering down the hill toward them. They were apparently Mexican vaqueros of the usual common, swarthy type, their faces made still darker by the black silk handkerchief tied round their heads under their stiff sombreros.

Either they were unable or unwilling to restrain their horses in their headlong speed, and a collision in that narrow passage was imminent, but suddenly before reaching its entrance they diverged with a volley of oaths and dashing along the left bank of the arroyo disappeared in the intervening willows. Divided between relief at their escape and indignation at what seemed to be a drunken feast-day freak of these roistering vaqueros, the little party re-formed, when a cry from Barker arrested them. He had just perceived a horseman motionless in the arroyo, who, although unnoticed by them, had evidently been seen by the Mexicans. He had apparently leaped into it from the bank, and had halted as if to witness this singular incident. As the clatter of the vaqueros' hoofs died away he lightly leaped the bank again and disappeared. But in that single glimpse of him they recognized Jack Hamlin. When they reached the spot where he had halted, they could see that he must have approached it from the trail where they had previously seen him, but which they now found crossed it at right angles. Barker was right. He had really kept them at easy distance the whole length of the journey.

But they are now reaching its end. When they issued at last from the arroyo they came upon the outskirts of Boomville and the great stage road. Indeed, the six horses of the Pioneer coach were just panting along the last half

got it here. I'm going to give it to you, for it may some day come in handy, and you won't find anything like it among the folks where you're going. It's something unique, as those fine art collecting chaps in 'Frisco say—something quite matchless, unless you try to match it one day yourself! Don't open the paper until I run on and say 'So long' to your partners. Good-by."

He grasped Demorest's hand and then dropped the little packet into his palm, and ambled away toward Stacy and Barker. Holding the packet in his hand with an amused yet puzzled smile, Demorest watched the gambler give Stacy's hand a hearty farewell shake and supplementary slap on the back to the delighted Barker, and then vanish in a flash of red sash and silver buttons. At which Demorest, walking slowly toward his partners, opened the packet, and stood suddenly still. It contained the dried and bloodless finger of a human hand, cut off at the first joint!

For an instant he held it at arm's length, as if about to cast it away. Then he grimly replaced it in the paper, put it carefully in his pocket, and silently walked after his companion.

[End of prologue.]

CHAPTER I.—AFTER THREE YEARS.

A strong southwester was beating against the windows and doors of "Stacy's Bank" in San Francisco, and spreading a film of rain between the regular splendors of its mahogany counters and sprucely dressed clerks and the usual passing pedestrian. For Stacy's new banking house had long since received the epithet of "palatial" from an enthusiastic local press fresh from the "opening" luncheon in its richly decorated directors' rooms, and it was said that once a homely would-be depositor from One Horse Gulch was so cowed by its magnificence that his heart failed him at the last moment, and mumbling an apology to the elegant receiving teller, fled with his greasy chamois pouch of gold dust to deposit it in the dingy mint around the corner. Perhaps there was something of this feeling mingled with a certain simple-minded fascination, in the hesitation of a stranger of a higher class who entered the bank that rainy morning and finally tendered his card to the important negro messenger.

The card preceded him through noiselessly swinging doors and across heavily carpeted passages until it reached the inner core of Mr. James Stacy's private offices, and was respectfully laid before him. He was not alone. At his side, in an attitude of polite and studied expectancy, stood a correct-looking young man, for whom Mr. Stacy was evidently writing a memorandum. The stranger glanced furtively at the card with a curiosity hardly in keeping with his suggested good breeding, but Stacy did not look at it until he had finished his memorandum.

"There," he said, with business decision, "you can tell your people that if we carry their new debentures over our limit we will expect a larger margin. Ditches are not what they were three years ago, when miners were willing to waste their money over your rates. They don't gamble that way any more, and your company ought to know it and not gamble themselves on the prospect." He handed the paper to the stranger, who bowed over it with studied politeness and backed toward the door. Stacy took up the waiting card, read it, said to the messenger, "Show him in," and in the same breath called out, "I say, Van Loo, it's George Barker. You know him?"

"Yes," said Van Loo with a polite hesitation as he halted at the door. "He was—I think—er—in your employ at Heavy Tree Hill."

"Nonsense! He was my partner. And you must have known him since at Boomville. Come. He got forty shares of Ditch stock—through you—at 110, which were worth about 80.—Somebody must have made money enough by it to remember him."

"I was only speaking of him socially," said Van Loo, with a deprecating smile. "You know he married a young woman—the hotel keeper's daughter—who used to wait at the table; and after my mother and sister came out to keep house for me at Boomville it was quite impossible for me to see much of him, for he seldom went out without his wife, you know."

"Yes," said Stacy, dryly, "I think you didn't like his marriage. But I'm glad your disinclination to see him isn't on account of that deal in stocks."

"Oh, no," said Van Loo. "Good-by."

But unfortunately in the next passage he came upon Barker, who, with a cry of unfeigned pleasure, none the less sincere that he was feeling a little alien in these impressive surroundings, recognized him. Nothing could exceed Van Loo's protest of delight at the meeting; nothing his equal desolation at the fact that he was hastening to another engagement. "But your old partner," he added with a smile, "is waiting for you. He has just received your card, and I should be only keeping you from him. So glad to see you; you're looking so well. Good-by. Good-by."

Reassured, Barker no longer hesitated, but dashed with his old impetuousness into his former partner's room. Stacy, already deeply absorbed in other business, was sitting with his back toward him, and Barker's arms were actually encircling his neck before the astonished and half-angry man looked up. But when his eyes met the laughing gray ones of Barker above he gently disengaged himself with a quick return of the caress, rose, shut the door of an inner office, and, returning, pushed Barker into an armchair in quite the old suppressive fashion of former days. Yes, it was the same Stacy that Barker looked at, albeit his brown beard was now closely cropped around his determined mouth and jaw in a kind of grave decorum, and his energetic limbs already attuned to the rigor of clothes of fashionable cut and still more rigorous sombreness of color.

"Barker, boy," he began, with the familiar twinkle in his keen eyes which the younger partner remembered, "I don't encourage stag dancing among my young men during bank hours, and you'll please to remember that we're not on Heavy Tree Hill."

"Where," broke in Barker enthusiastically, "we were only overlooked by the Black Spur range and the Sierra snow line; where the nearest voice that came to you was a half a mile away as the crow flies and a mile and a half by the trail."

"And was generally an oath," said Stacy. "But you're in San Francisco now. Where are you stopping?" He took up a pencil and held it over a memorandum pad awaitingly.

"At the Brook House. It's——"

"Hold on. Brook house," he repeated as he jotted it down. "And for how long?"

"Oh, a day or two. You see Kitty——"

Stacy checked him with a movement of his pencil in the air, and then wrote down, "Day or two. Wife with you?"

"Yes; and, oh, Stacy, our boy! Ah!" he went on with a laugh, knocking aside the remonstrating pencil, "You must listen. He's just the sweetest, knowingest little chap living. Do you know what we're going to christen him? Well, he'll be Stacy Demorest Barker. Good names aren't they? And then it perpetuates the dear old friendship."

Stacy picked up the pencil again, wrote: "Wife and child, S. D. B.," and leaned back in his chair. "Now, Barker," he said briefly, "I'm coming to dine with you to-night at 7:30 sharp. Then we'll talk Heavy Tree Hill, wife, baby, and S. D. B. But here I'm all for business. Have you any with me?"

(To Be Continued.)

Probably.

"How proud that noisy mosquito is," remarked the frog to the fishing worm, hopping onto the old oaken bucket.

"Hum," remarked the tadpole, scornfully, "he needn't be. I'm sure I am as well-born as he."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Gold Reserve.

"Is there any law requiring the secretary of the treasury to keep one hundred million dollars in gold on hand in the treasury for the redemption of greenbacks, and, if so, where can it be found?"—M. A. B., Russell, Ark.

There is a law requiring the formation and maintenance of a gold reserve in the treasury. It does not specify the amount, but leaves that to the discretion of the secretary of the treasury. The law which does this is the act of January 14, 1875, commonly known as the resumption act, and it may be found in the United Stathes Revised Statutes, which you can find in any first-class lawyer's office.

As stated above, there is no provision which makes it absolutely necessary to maintain it at $100,000,000 or over, but Congress recognized the advisability of keeping it as high as that figure when it passed the act of July 12, 1882, in which $100,000,000 is fixed as the limit to which the gold reserve may be reduced without discontinuing the issue of gold certificates.

The duty of maintaining a gold reserve is further authorized by the unrepealed clause of the act of July 14, 1890, making treasury notes redeemable in gold and declaring it the policy of the United States to maintain the parity of gold and silver, a clause that is reiterated and elaborated in the act of November 1, 1893, which makes it the duty of the government to preserve the equality of all our dollars.

An Old Belt Buckle.

"I have a belt buckle which I found on the mountain side, near Cumberland Gap, Tenn. It is 3½ inches long, 2 wide, oblong in shape, made of brass and has two letters, J. A., raised and ⅜ inch high. It is the only one of the kind ever seen in this country. Can the editor or any of the Blade readers tell me what those letters J. A. stand for? There is no one here that can tell what it is, or what army it belonged to."—G. W. R., Shawanee, Tenn.

We of course do not know, but should judge it belonged to some militia organization in existence before the war, which entered the service wearing the militia accoutrements. The letters are probably the initials of the name of the organization—"Jackson Artillery," for instance. If any one can throw light on the subject, we shall be glad to publish.

The Word Boer.

"Please explain the origin of the word Boer as applied to the Dutch element of the Transvaal republic."—J. S. B., McDowell, W. Va.

It is the Dutch equivalent for the German word bauer, meaning a peasant, and has the same original signification. The word "boor" in English is from the same original root. A "boor," in England, was originally a peasant, as our word "neighbor" shows. A "neighbor" was originally a "nigh boor"—a peasant who dwelt near by.

John Hay.

W. W., Hickerson, Tenn.: John Hay was born in Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838. He took high rank in college, and after graduation in 1858, studied law at Springfield, Ill. He was admitted in 1861, but at once went to Washington as assistant secretary to President Lincoln, remaining with him, both as secretary and trusted friend, until Lincoln's death. He acted also as his aide-de-camp, and served for several months with Gen. Hunter and Gen. Gillmore, with the rank of major and assistant adjutant general. He was also brevetted lieutenant colonel and colonel. He was first secretary of legation in Paris from 1865 to 1867, and charge d' affaires at Vienna in 1867-68, when he resigned and came home, but was soon after sent as secretary of legation Madrid, where he remained more than a year. Leaving in 1870, he became editorial writer on the New York Tribune, where he remained five years. He removed to Cleveland, O., in 1875. He was first assistant secretary of state under Hayes, in 1879-81. He is now ambassador to Great Britain.

England's Boast.

"What is meant by the statement that 'England's morning drum beat is heard around the world?'"—H. K., Collins, Mich.

Great Britain has colonies all over the world. The statement quoted above signifies this. Her colonies are so many, and distributed around the globe, that it is always morning at some one of them, and the morning drum is therefore heard. The statement, of course, is an exaggeration.

Old Coins.

D. H. G., Wapello, Iowa: The half dollar of 1839, if in perfect condition, is worth 55 cents. That of 1827, if it have a curled base to the 2 in the date, is worth 55 cents; if a straight base, 50 cents. That of 1830, if the cipher is large, is worth 55 cents; if small, only 50 cents.

A. M. O., Clarion, Iowa: We are unable to say what the copper coin is. Dealers in foreign coins are few in the United States, and they handle only silver and gold coins.

F. W. C., Mayville, Tenn.: There was such a variety of gold coins, made by private parties in California from 1848 to 1875, that it is impossible to take space to name them all, or to give the premiums. As a rule the premium on these is 25 to 50 per cent for the small ones—$1 or less—and 5 to 10 per cent on the large ones—$2.50, $5, $10, $20 and $50.

The Illinois River.

H. D., Albion, Ill.: The Illinois river is formed in Grundy county, in the northeastern part of the state, by the juncture of the Kankakee and Desplaines rivers.

Congressional Majorities.

Z. B. C., Brownhelm, O.: There are two Congresses to each Presidential term. The Representatives to the 53d Congress were selected in 1892, at the same time Cleveland was elected a second time. That House had a Democratic majority, and the Senate was also Democratic. The House of the 54th Congress, elected in 1894, was Republican, Reed was Speaker of the House of the 54th Congress; Crisp, Dem., of the House of the 53d Congress.

The Bunch of Arrows.

"Please tell me the meaning of the bunch of arrows and branch, or plant, held in the claws of the eagle on the reverse side of our half dollars. Has not the bunch of arrows a special name?"—D. W. D., Evansville, 2nd.

They are copied from the great seal of the United States. The arrows indicate power and sovereignty; there are 13 of them, typical of the 13 original colonies, and they are bound together. The branch is olive, which signifies peace. There is no distinctive name for the bunch of arrows.

Dr. Talmage.

I. S. K., Salem, Ind.: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage receives, it is said, something like $12,000 a year for his published sermons. This is in addition to his salary as pastor, which is probably not less than $8,000.

The Origin of "O. K."

W. E. R., Maltsberger, Tenn.: The letters "O. K." signify "all right" in America. Their use, it is said, originated with old Jacob Astor, the millionaire of New York. He was looked upon by business men as a man of sagacious judgment, and often referred to for his opinion. If a note of inquiry as to any particular trader's standing or solvency came, the answer to which he intended to be satisfactory, he would write "O. K." across the letter, and return it to the writer. The letters were supposed to stand for "oll korrect," as the old gentleman's spelling was poor.

A similar story is told regarding the origin of the letters, placing the authorship on Andrew Jackson. James Parton, while at Nashville searching for material for a historical work, found a great many legal documents among the records of the court of which Jackson was judge, inscribed "O. K." on the back. These letters meant "order recorded." often they were so scrawlingly written they looked like "O. K." Whether the origin is due to Astor or to Jackson can not be decided now.

Civil Service Positions.

J. W. C., Newark, N. J.: We are getting very weary of answering the same question over and over again. Let us say to you and to all who have any wish to enter the civil service in any capacity, to address a letter of inquiry to "Hon. John T. Doyle, Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." In that state the position you want, and ask for information as to the time and place of the next examination. You will get all the information needed.

George Clinton.

G. A. O., Corydon, Pa.: George Clinton was born in Little Britain, Ulster county, N. Y., July 26, 1739, died in Washington, D. C., April 20, 1812. He studied law, and afterward received a clerkship under the colonial government from Admiral George Clinton, as connection of the family. He was elected to the New York assembly in 1768, where he so strongly maintained the cause of the colonies against Great Britain that he was elected one of the delegates to the Second Continental Congress. He did not sign the Declaration of Independence because he was called away by Washington, who gave him a command in the Highlands, with the rank of general of militia. On March 25, 1777 he was made a brigadier general in the Continental army. He was chosen first governor of the state in that year, and retained that office till 1795. He exhibited great energy of character, and in the defense of the state rendered important services. In 1804 he was elected Vice President, which office he filled until his death.

Silver Certificates.

"Does the government issue silver certificates against silver or bullion? Or do they coin the silver into dollars first?"—A. D. B., Lamborn, Kas.

If you would simply read the face of a silver certificate you would have the answer to your question. They all read exactly the same, except as to the number of dollars. The $1 certificate reads: "This certifies there has been deposited in the treasury of the United States one silver dollar, payable on demand." You can take any number of silver dollars to the treasury, deposit them, and get certificates for them, but you can not take bullion. They were never issued against bullion.

Who is Oldest.

The controversy over the oldest soldier of the civil war does not seem to be settled. A. F. D., Kalida, O., sends the claim of Philip Hines, of Ashley, Delaware county, Ohio, who is now an inmate of the county infirmary, and is 104 years old. When the war broke out Mr. Hines joined the Eighteenth regulars, U. S. A., when 69 years old, and was mustered out when the war was over. He is yet in good health, and quite vigorous for his age.

Miscellaneous.

S. W. J., Sherman, Wash.: We have no idea whether Father Chiniquy, the ex-priest, is living or not.

O. G., Stockton, Kas.: We have not the statistics. Apply to the Secretary of the Chicago Board of Trade.

H. B., Center Point, Iowa: Easter Sunday came on April 7 in 1832, on March 27 in 1833, and on April 15 in 1834.

J. H. S., Whittier, Cal.: There has been no change in the law regarding the carrying of books, etc., in the mails at pound rates.

W. R. W., New Richmond, W. Va.: For seeds write to your Representative in Congress. He is the only person who has authority to send them to you.

T. B. and J. W. F., Oakley, Mich.: The question is one which can only be decided by the law of Michigan and the decisions of state courts. Consult a lawyer. See answer to P. A. P., Sylvia, Kas.

J. G., Centerburg, O.: The opening and reading of a sealed letter addressed to another is a violation of the laws of the United States. Put the case at once into the hands of the United States district attorney for prosecution.

G. M. S., La Belle, Mo.: The quantity of intoxicating liquors consumed in proportion to the population is steadily increasing year by year, and the results in the way of vice and crime are undoubtedly increasing in the same ratio. We have not the statistics of sales of liquors for the years named.

P. A. P., Sylvia, Kas.: Your question is one we cannot answer without reference to the state laws of Kansas. To do that, we would have to send to some lawyer in that state and pay him a fee. We decline to answer questions of this sort, because you can not expect us to keep posted on the laws of 45 states, or to pay for information of value only to yourself.

THE INDIAN WAY OF DRIVING.

How the Noble Red Man Treated Uncle Sam's Gifts.

Commenting on the attempt made by the government in 1867 to civilize the prairie Indians by supplying them with the garb and food of the white man, says the Kansas City Journal, Col. Bob Dodge, of Dodge City, says: "The authorities sent the Indians thousands of sacks of flour, pantaloons in abundance and a big lot of stiff-rimmed hats bound around the edge with tin or German silver to hold the rim in shape. They also sent them a few light-running ambulances. The savages, to show their appreciation of these magnanimous gifts from the 'great father,' threw the flour on the prairie in order to get the sacks for breechclouts. They cut out the seats of the pantaloons, and they cut the crowns off the hats and used them as playthings, shying them in the air, like a white boy does a flat stone, to see them sail away.

"The ambulance they were proud of. The government neglected to send any harness with them, so the Indians manufactured their own. They did not understand anything about lines, and instead they drove with a quirt, or short whip. When the near horse would go too much 'gee' they whipped up the off horse, and when he would go too much 'haw' they pounded away at the near horse again, and so vice versa all the time. This unique manner of driving kept the poor animals in a dead run most of the time.

"I remember taking a ride with Little Raven, chief of the Arapahoes. At first we started off gently, but his ponies did not go straight, so he kept tapping them, now the off horse, then the near, until finally he got them on a rapid gallop, and I thought at one time my head would surely pop up through the roof of the ambulance. The country was very level fortunately, or I don't know what would have been the outcome."

What She Wanted.

To her I sung an old refrain,
A love song sweet and old;
My heart and soul were in each strain
As my love it did unfold.
I looked into my lady's eyes,
And hoped her answer would appease
All longings; or I don't know what
Could be the meaning of the surprise,
"That's good; sing something funny,
please."
—Up-to-Date.

Clear Sighted.

Lady (on a visit)—"Cats, as you may know, can see very well in the dark."

Little Henry (of the house)—"My sister Agnes, too, because, as she was standing in the dark hall last night with Mr. Smith, she said: 'Why, Edward, you didn't get shaved to-day.'"—German Comic Paper.

Delicately Put.

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come west to inquire after the husband she had lost.

"Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.—Indianapolis Journal.

Made Its Escape.

"O, that account! I had competely lost sight of it," said young Rapide nonchalantly.

"No wonder," replied his tailor in a cold, dry voice. "It has been running a long time."—Washington Capital.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all such diseases.

"In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Soon after

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore healed and the swelling went down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise; have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough." MRS. H. BLAKE, South Berwick, Maine.

This and similar cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," wrote the poet Tennyson. But tears always mean something. There are tears of melancholy, tears of joy, and of despair, and those saddest most pathetic tears of the nervous overwrought woman who has been bearing up as bravely as she may under a daily burden of weakness and dragging, torturing pain. No wonder women weep. The wonder is that they are not oftener in tears for all they have to bear and suffer; and the saddest thing about it is how little their sufferings are understood. Even the doctor, nine times in ten says: "Oh, a little nervousness, that's all" or "neuralgia," or "insomnia," or "dyspepsia." If he suspects the real cause he insists upon examinations and local treatment,—about the very worst thing possible to a nervous, overwrought woman.

There is no need of these repugnant methods. Any woman may insure health and strength in a womanly way by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism absolutely and completely. It was devised for this special purpose by one of the most eminent and experienced physicians in this country, an expert specialist in women's diseases.

For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Any woman may consult him by letter, free of charge. Her letter will be answered not by a mere nurse or uneducated, unscientific person, but by the most competent medical authority anywhere obtainable.

All women should read Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It contains more clear and comprehensive advice on medical subjects than any other book ever published. A paper-bound copy sent free for twenty-one one-cent stamps to pay the *cost of mailing only*. Or cloth-bound for thirty-one stamps.

CALLING COSTUME.

A Gown of Satin Striped Moire With Louis Quinze Coat of Dresden Silk.

For a handsome material for calling there is a striped goods that is called "banded moire." It consists of alternate stripes of moire silk and coarse lace. The silk is in black and the lace in cream, brown and white, as you please. It is a very dressy

A VERY DRESSY MATERIAL.

material, and is as good for evening gowns as for calling. It is much used for very nice afternoon occasions when a handsome dress is desired.

Lace flounces can be bought ready made in the shops. They are for sewing upon the foot of a skirt. They are very full and promise a return to the ruchings that were once so popular.

Under the banded moire there must be worn a taffeta skirt. A gown selected for the spring calling season in Washington was of deep amber-shaded taffeta underneath, while the dress material was of black moire and cream lace. It presented a "tigerish" effect of glowing gold and amber, but it was charmingly becoming. A little coat, cut Louis Quinze, of Dresden silk, of many shades of red and brown, was slipped on over the gown.

WISDOM OF THE WITS.

A Stern Race.

Frances—Yes, he is pursuing literature.

Gertrude—Indeed! And is he very successful?

Frances—No. It is still a long way ahead of him.—Cleveland Leader.

The Difference.

She—I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself.

He—But you weren't married to a woman.—Tid-Bits.

A Question of Priority.

Simonsbee—I have a chance to marry two girls; one is pretty, but a mere butterfly, as it were, and the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper. What would you do?

Mr. Russell of Chicago—Take the pretty one first.—Indianapolis Journal.

One Way.

"I sent a dollar last week," said the Good Thing, "in answer to that advertisement offering a method of saving one-half my gas bills."

"And you got——"

"A printed slip directing me to paste them in a scrap book."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Soft Answer.

Mr. Surley (savagely)—That confounded baby is always crying. What's wrong with him?

Mrs. Surley (sweetly)—He's got your temper love!—Tid-Bits.

Conservative Advice.

Playwright (in excitement)—They are calling for the author. What shall I do?

Stage Manage (who has seen the crowd)—You'd better slip out of the stage door and make your escape while there is time.—Philadelphia North American.

Pardonable Ignorance.

A strange story is related of a juryman who outwitted a judge, and that without lying. He ran into court in a desperate hurry and quite out of breath, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Judge, if you can, pray excuse me! I don't know which will die first, my wife or my daughter!"

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly, you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked:

"How's your wife and child?"

"She's all right, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, only you said you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is the problem which time alone can solve."—Boston Budget.

To Order.

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men."

"Ah!" replied the maiden, with soulful longing, "save a nice looking one for me."—Dublin World.

The Best Cure.

Mr Henpeck—Doctor, my wife tells me you have advised her to go to the seaside for two months.

Physician—Yes.

Mr. Henpeck—Do you think she needs rest?

Physician—No; but you do.—Tid-Bits.

Do not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 for men.

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Out in the fields, in the midsummer heat,
The reapers were busy binding the wheat,
And the farmer looked with an anxious eye
At the "thunder caps" in the western sky.
"All hands must work now with a will,"
said he;
"There's a storm a-brewing up there, I see."

Then the bright-faced boy at his father's side
To help bind the sheaves most patiently tried;
But he could not manage the work at all,
For those willing hands were too weak and small.
"I can't do this," said the brave little man,
"So I'll give it up and do what I can."

The men are thirsty and far from the spring;
"It will give them a lift," thought he, "to bring
A pail of that clear, cold water that flows
Down the mountain side where the sweet fern grows."
And soon he was dipping his little cup
In the mossy place where it bubbled up.

And the joy of doing something he could
Shone on his face as he came through the wood.
"God bless the boy!" every man cried out,
As he passed the pure, cold water about.
'Twas sustaining power—they bound the grain
Just in time to save it from drenching rain.

Then the father said that night, with a smile,
While the mother listened with pride the while,
"My boy, you helped harvest the field of wheat
Bringing water when we were parched with heat.
Remember through life, my dear little man,
God only bids us to do what we can."
—Susan Teall Perry.

MUST THE OYSTER GO?

A Medical Authority Condemns It as Human Food.

In a recent issue of Modern Medicine appears the opinion from a celebrated writer on medicinal subjects that the oyster must go if the hitherto consumer would feel reasonably secure of his health. The writer goes on to show that more than twenty years ago, while he was pursuing a post-graduate course of study in biology, he discovered that a drop of oyster juice contained millions of putrifacted bacteria. Since that time he has never eaten an oyster. His opinion is that a creature whose diet consists of the offal of the ocean, dining upon material so filthy and noxious in character that it requires unceasing activity of a liver constituting nearly one-half the bulk of its body to protect it from impending death, can under no circumstances be fit for use as a human aliment. In the article referred to it is shown how a case of typhoid fever in the family of the Prince of Wales several years ago was traced directly to the use of the oyster as a food. The health officer of Dublin about ten years ago traced an epidemic of typhoid fever to the same source. The British Medical Journal has given much attention to this subject and reaches the conclusion to which nearly all bacteriologists have come, that where shell fish have been subjected to contamination those partaking of such shell fish are exposed to the grave danger of infection.

Two or three years ago an epidemic of typhoid fever in Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., was traced directly to the use of oysters that had been fattened at the mouth of a drain, which drain came from a house where a sufferer from typhoid fever had died. A fatality repeating in connection with this incident is that among those students who eschewed raw oysters, eating only those that had been thoroughly cooked, there was no typhoid. Nearly all those, however, who partook of the raw material suffered and several died.

In answer to the suggestion that unwholesome oysters can be prevented by seeing to it that oyster beds are maintained where there is no sewage, the writer for Modern Medicine insists that to be successful oyster beds must generally be located about the mouths of rivers and near some large city so that contamination is the rule, not the exception. The language of the British Medical Journal in treating of this subject is:

"The oyster is fond of typhoid bacilli. It eats them as a delicacy. It will not miss a chance of swallowing millions of the mischief making germs if the opportunity is afforded and such an opportunity is sure to come to every oyster that lives long enough. Indeed, this is the very business for which nature designed the oyster so it can not be censured for its activity in collecting typhoid bacilli and other germs."

The conclusion of the whole matter as drawn by the writer in Modern Medicine is that the only safety is to discard the oyster from our bill of fare altogether, that it may be wholesome and proper food for cormorants, fish hawks and turkey buzzards, but that the human stomach was never intended to be sepulcher for scavengers no matter whether marine or mundane.

—That tired feeling is due to impoverished blood. Enrich the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be strong and vigorous.

HINTS ABOUT CLOTHES.

The newest craze in Paris is for black handkerchiefs. People who temporize with fashion content themselves with white handkerchiefs bordered in black and embroidered with little wreaths of flowers.

Consuelo of Marlborough is said to be partly responsible for the fact that the idea of parted hair is going out of fashion. Pompadour effects are coming in, and one of the prettiest of the new ways of dressing is a revival of the "Marie Stuart" style. The hair is "twirled" on the temples and waved round the neck and ears. At the back there is a soft roll about the middle of the head and the top is slightly pompadour.

Sleeves are steadily smaller and many women bewail the fact that next summer's thin gowns will have to be made with coat sleeves, which, though suitable enough for cloth, are less well adapted to organdies and grass linens.

The bolero's popularity might have been expected by this time to be on the decrease, but on the contrary it grows, and almost every week sees a new form of the tiny jacket. It inspires a writer in fashions to the following flight: "A plain dress with the addition of a bolero is like a plain woman with a charming smile."

Deep yellow leather, with gold trimmings, has succeeded vivid green for purses, and cases and all sorts of new designs are beginning to arrive for leather belts and girdles. Narrow belt buckles have very effective Russian jewel work.

Two-button kid gloves are "in" again, to be worn with the new long-sleeved theatre and evening waists.

Two new shades of green are named "seaweed" and "seashell."

Dark satin ties with white figures are in vogue and collar bands with high standing ruffs and wired battlement-shaped pieces standing well out from the neck are popular.

The new kilted skirts must be made by an expert dressmaker if they need to be so, for that there is no fullness round the hips, while the plaits round the feet must set with sufficient amplitude or the effect is ruined.

Free.—A Wonderful Shrub.—Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

New evidence shows that Alkavis, the new botanical product of the Kava-Kava Shrub, is indeed a true specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, disorders of the Kidneys and urinary organs. A remarkable case is that of Rev. A. C. Darling, of North Constantia, N. Y., as told in the New York World of recent date. He was cured by Alkavis after all he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing to die. Similar testimony of extraordinary cures of Kidney and Bladder diseases of long standing comes from many other sufferers, and 1,200 hospital cures have been recorded in 30 days. Up to this time the Church Kidney Cure Co., No. 414 Fourth avenue New York, are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis, prepaid by mail, to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder Disorder, Bright's disease, Rheumatism Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. To prove its wonderful curative powers, it is sent to you entirely free.

The Only Thing.

Bacon—"Do you think any one would trust Bender if he saw him?"

Egbert—"Well, there's only one thing I can imagine that he could get on his face."

"And what is that?"

"A shave."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Abused Wife.

"I saw a lovely fur boa down town," said he, "and I had half a notion to get it for you——"

"Oh, how good of you!"

"But the price was so high that I fur boa."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Cow Died Suddenly.

J. W. P., West Virginia: Your cow, no doubt, died from inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. This is superinduced in different ways—exposure to cold or wet, presence of stone in the kidneys and bladder, drinking alkaline or stagnant water, consumption of musty fodder, injury to the back and loins, eating irritating plants, feeding too much dry feed in winter time, and other causes. The fact that the animal walked straddling, and was weak across the kidneys, indicated the trouble referred to. The kidneys may be the seat of cancerous tumors that will cause death. The treatment when the pain is acute, is to give 1 oz. laudanum and 2 drachms solid extract of belladonna. Afterward give tonics. A strong mustard plaster should be placed over small of the back. The animal should be kept in a warm stall.

Sores Above the Teats.

J. A. B., Nebraska: You have been feeding your young cows too generously, especially corn, which is too heating and leads to impure blood. The disease is simply erysipelas, and is not dangerous. A cow affected in this way should be given ¾ lb. Epsom salts in three pints of warm water. Afterward give a daily dose of 1 oz. hyposulphite of soda on scalded bran or cut feed. If the udder shows symptoms of swelling give 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in drinking water once a day for four days, and rub the udder with camphorated ointment. This should be done with gentle hand friction. The eruptions may be touched with oxide of zinc ointment. You should not give too freely of saltpetre, and only in case of swelling of the udder.

Hollow Horn in Cattle.

E. C. G., Georgia: Hollow horn is a diseased condition of the blood, brought on by pasturing on low, marshy lands, food that has not proper nutrition constituents, neglect, feed out air, lack of cleanliness, and other causes. Properly speaking, there is no such disease as hollow horn, and the man who will bore an animals horns and pour turpentine in them, or slit the tail and put salt in it, should be arrested and punished for cruelty to the animal. The treatment for the disease (depraved appetite), is: Give a full pound of sulphate of magnesia in two quarts of warm water in which there has been stirred a cupful of molasses; when this operates, give a heaped tablespoonful of the following, three times a day: Carbonate of iron, 4 ozs.; powdered gentian, 4 ozs.; common salt, 4 ozs.; powdered foenugreek, 4 ozs. Mix. Give also three tablespoonfuls of powdered charcoal three times a day in the feed, and put a piece of rock salt where the animal may lick it at will. Curry the animal to get off all old hair, feed nutritious food, and keep the stable clean. This treatment will cure any case of hollow horn.

Lump in Cow's Neck.

W. H. W., Ohio: Give the cow 1 drachm iodide of potassium every morning in a pint of water for a week. Omit for a week, and repeat. Poultice the lump until there is a fluctuating point. Then open it well, and inject into it chloride of zinc, 1 drachm, water, 1 pint. While giving the iodine, feed bran mashes three times a week if the bowels show costiveness. The tumor may be of an inderated kind that may need dissecting. If this be the case, call a veterinary surgeon, as you should not attempt it yourself. It is always better, if possible, to get a veterinary, if one can be had.

Chickens Are Sick.

J. W. M., Illinois: Your chickens are suffering from indigestion, brought on, no doubt by feeding them too much stimulating diet, with resultant dumpishness, and death in some instances. Cut their rations down fully one-half. Give each a full teaspoonful of caster oil, and afterward in the morning for a week feed on boiled bran and chopped oats, in which there is chopped an onion and some feed. Soon you'll not be afraid of starving them if they have a good range. Let them have all the grass they will eat. A little feed in the morning and again at night is all they should have, until they all get well. Clean the chicken house thoroughly.

Shepherd Dog Sick.

P. A., Montana: Your dog is suffering from lung trouble. Put mustard paste well into his sides and give him tincture of aconite root, ½ drachm; syrup of squills, 1 drachm; syrup of ipicac, 2 drachms; spirits of nitre, 3 drachms; water to make 4 ounces; mix. Give a tablespoonful three times a day. The mustard should be washed off after being on for three-quarters of an hour, with tepid water, the dog well dried and a broad flannel bandage put around back of the shoulders. This should be kept on for a week. The dog should not be placed where draught or air will strike him.

Watermelon Hills.

R. H. R., Tennessee: Watermelons will not do well in clay soil. Prepare your ground by manuring and giving it a good digging. Then mark out into squares of six feet every way. At the angle of each square, dig a hole 12 inches deep and 18 inches broad, into which put about six inches of old, well rotted manure. Throw thereon about four inches of soil, and mix the manure and earth well with the spade, after which draw more earth over the mixture, so as to force a circular hill about a foot broad at top. When your hills are all prepared, plant in each, toward the centre, six or eight grains of seed, distant two inches from each other, and cover them half an inch deep. When the plants are in a state of forwardness, producing their rough leaves, they must be thinned to two or three in each hill. Draw earth from time to time around the hills and about the roots of the plants. As soon as the plants have spread into branches, stop them by pinching off the top of the first runner. Keep the ground free from weeds.

Cheap Incubator.

L. U. McL., Missouri: The Blade some time ago gave full direction how to make incubators, but it required a great deal of space, which could not be spared now as all the news must be given the readers. This could not be done by giving so much space to a subject not of general interest to the readers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Moles.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I send you my way of destroying the moles so troublesome here and elsewhere. I procure five cents' worth of cheese and a fifteen cent box of Rough on Rats; cut the cheese into cubes about one-quarter inch square; mix the Rough on Rats with lard to the consistency of thick paste, and with a stick roll the pieces of cheese in this until covered on all sides; drop in the runways by making a hole with the finger and cover; place about twenty feet apart, and it will kill all that get the poison. Of course you must keep it up, as they keep coming.—H. W. Miller, Iowa.

How to Kill Moles.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Among all the ways proposed in The Blade for killing moles, I feel certain that that of poisoning with strychnine is by far the most certain, simplest and cheapest. We have tried this method for years, and find it very destructive.

We soak the larger varities of pumpkin seeds till they become a little soft, then open partially and insert less than a pin's head in each, and close up the seed. Deposit the seeds (if you can find the place) where they go in and out of the cultivated grounds, by running a small stick down to the hill and dropping them therein. An old farmer.—W. F. Anderson, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Live Stock Matters.

Hogs and chickens are useful workers in the barn yard. If let run in the yard in winter time, if covered, they will do splendid work in composting the manures and in saving grain which will otherwise be wasted.

A farmer can raise a horse to three years old and make good

Talmage's Sermon.

POWER OF PRAYER.

Dr. Talmage Calls the Whole Nation to Its Knees.

Washington, April 12.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage, delivered before a mighty throng, goes forth from the capital, calling the nation to its knees. Before beginning his sermon Dr. Talmage made an eloquent appeal for American aid for the suffering millions of India. Eighty millions are affected by the famine, and unless America generously comes to the rescue, millions of lives will be sacrificed. His text was I. Timothy ii. 2: "I exhort, therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority."

That which London is to England, Paris to France, Berlin to Germany, Rome to Italy, Vienna to Austria, St. Petersburg to Russia, Washington is to the United States Republic. The people who live here see more of the chief men of the nation than any who live anywhere else between Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If a senator, or member of the House of Representatives, or Supreme Court justice, or secretary of the cabinet, or representative of foreign nations enters a public assembly in any other city, his coming and going are remarked upon and unusual deference is paid to him. In this capital there are so many political chieftains in our churches, our streets, our halls, that their coming and going make no excitement. The Swiss seldom look up to the Matterhorn, or Jungfrau, or Mt. Blanc, because those people are used to the Alps. So we at this capital are so accustomed to walk among mountains of official and political eminence that they are not to us a great novelty. Morning, noon, and night we meet the giants. But there is no place on earth where the importance of the Pauline injuction to prayer for those in eminent place ought to be better appreciated. At this time, when our public men have before them the rescue of our national Treasury from appalling deficits, and the Cuban question, and the arbitration question, and in many departments men are taking important positions which are to them new and untried, I would like to quote my text with a whole tonnage of emphasis—words written by the scarred missionary to the young theologian Timothy: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority."

If I have the time, and do not forget some of them, before I get through I will give you four or five reasons why the people of the United States ought to make earnest and continuous prayer for those in eminent place.

First, because that will put us in proper attitude toward the successful men of the nation. After you have prayed for a man you will do him justice. There is a bad streak in human nature that demands us to assail those that are more successful than ourselves. It shows itself in boyhood, when the lads, all running to get their ride on the back of a carriage, and one gets on, those failing to get on shout to the driver, "Cut behind!" Unsuccessful men seldom like those who in any department are successful. The cry is, "He is a political accident," or "He bought his way up," or "It just happened so," and there is an impatient waiting for him to come down more rapidly than he went up. The best cure for such cynicism is prayer. After we have risen from our knees we will be wishing the official good instead of evil. We will be hoping for him beneficiation rather than malediction. If he makes a mistake we will call it a mistake instead of a malfeasance in office. And oh! how much happier we will be; for wishing one evil is diabolic, but wishing one good is saintly, is angelic, is God-like.

When the Lord drops a man into depths beyond which there is no lower depth, He allows him to be put on an investigating committee with the one hope of finding something wrong. In general assemblies of the Presbyterian church, in conferences of the Methodist church, in conventions of the Episcopal church, in house of repreeatives, and in senate of the United States there are men always glad to be appointed on the committee of maladors, while there are those who are glad to be put on the committee of eulogiums. After you have prayed, in the words of my text, for all that are authority, you will say, "Brethren, Gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, excuse me from serving on the committee of maladors, for last night, just before I prayed for those in eminent position, I read that chapter in Corinthians about charity which 'hopeth all things' and 'thinketh no evil.' The committee of maladors is an important committee, but I here now declare that those are incompetent for its work who have, not in spirit of conventionality, but in spirit of earnest importunity, prayed for those in high position. I cannot help it, but I do like a St. Bernard better than a bloodhound, and I would rather be a humming bird among honeysuckles than a crow swooping upon field carcasses."

Another reason why we should pray for those in eminent place is because they have such multiplied perplexities. This city at this time holds hundreds of men who are expectant of preferment, and United States mail bags, as never before, are full of applications. Let me say, I believe no sympathy with either the uttered or printed sneer at what are called "office seekers." If I had not already received appointment as minister plenipotentiary from the high court of heaven—as every minister of the gospel has—and I had at my back a family for whom I wished to achieve a livelihood, there is no employer whose service I would sooner seek than city, state, or United States government. Those governments are the promptest in their payments, paying just as well in hard times as in good times, and during summer vacation as during winter work. Beside that, many of us have been paying taxes to city and state and nations for years, and while we are indebted for the protection of government, the government is indebted to us for the honest support we have rendered it. So I wish success to all earnest and competent men who appeal to city or state or nation for a place to work. But how many men in high place in city and state and nation are at their wits' end to know what to do, when for some places there are ten applicants and for others a hundred!

Perplexities arise from the fact that citizens sign petitions without reference to the qualifications of the applicant for the places applied for. You sign the applicant because the applicant is your friend. People sometimes want that for which they have no qualification, as we hear some people sing, "I want to be an angel," when they offer the poorest material possible for angelhood. Boors waiting to be sent to foreign palaces as ambassadors, and men without any business qualification wanting to be consuls to foreign ports, and illiterates, capable in one letter of wrecking all the laws of orthography and syntax, desiring to be put into positions where most of the work is done by correspondence. If divine help is needed in any place in the world it is in those places where patronage is distributed. In years gone by awful mistakes have been made. Only God, who made the world out of chaos, could, out of crowded pigeonholes of public men, develop symmetrical results. For this reason pray Almighty God for all those in authority.

Then there are the vaster perplexities of our relations with foreign governments. For directions in such affairs the God of nations should be implored. The demand of the people is sometimes so heated, so unwise, that it must not be heeded. Hark to the boom of that gun which sends from the American steamer San Jacinto a shot across the bow of the British merchant steamer Trent, Nov. 8, 1861. Two distinguished Southerners, with their secretaries and families, are on the way to England and France to officially enlist them for the Southern Confederacy.

After much protest the commissioners, who had embarked for England and France, surrendered, and were taken to Fort Warren, near Boston. The capture was a plain invasion of the laws of nations, and antagonistic to a principle for the establishment of which the United States government had fought in other days. However, so great was the excitement that the secretary of the United States navy wrote an applauditory letter to Captain Wilkes, commander of the San Jacinto, for his "prompt and decisive action," and the House of Representatives passed a resolution of thanks for "brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct," and the millions of the North went wild with enthusiasm, and all the newspapers and churches joined in the huzza. England and France protested, the former demanding that unless the distinguished prisoners should be surrendered and apology made for insult to the British flag within ten days, Lord Lyons must return to London, thus ending all the archives of the British legation. War with England and France seemed inevitable, and war with England and France at that time would have made a restored American nation impossible for a long while, if not forever. Then God came to the rescue and helped the President and his Secretary of State. Against the almost unanimous sentiment of the people of the North the distinguished Confederates were surrendered, the law of nations was kept inviolate, the Lion's paw was not lifted to strike the Eagle's beak, and perhaps the worst disaster of centuries was avoided.

Then came another crisis within the last two years, when millions of people demanded that American war ships sail into Turkish waters and stop the atrocities against the Armenians. The people at large have no idea of the pressure brought upon our government to do this rash thing. Missionaries and other prominent Americans in and around Constantinople assembled at the office of the American legation and demanded that our minister plenipotentiary cable to Washington for United States ships of war, and they suggested the words of the cablegram. Had our ships gone into those waters the guns of foreign nations, ever lastingly jealous of us, would have been turned against our shipping, and our navy, within a few years become respectable in power, would have crawled backward in disgrace. The proposition to do what could not be done was mercifully withdrawn.

There will not be a year between now and the next twenty years when those who are in authority will not need the guidance of the God of Nations. God only can tell the right time for nations to do the right thing. To do the right thing at the wrong time is as bad as to do the wrong thing at any time. Cuba will one day be free, but it will be after she has shown herself capable of free government. To acknowledge Cuban independence now would be to acknowledge what does not exist. The time may come when the Hawaiian Islands may be a part of our government, but it will be when they have decidedly expressed the deside for annexation. In all nations affairs there is a clock. The hands of that clock are not always seen by human eyes. But God sees them, not only the hour hand, but the minute hand, and when the hands announce that the right hour has come the clock will strike, and we ought to be in listening attitude. "The Lord reigneth: Let the earth rejoice, let the multitudes of the isles be glad thereof." You see there are always in places of authority unbalanced men who want war, because they do not realize what war is, or they are designing men, who want war for the same reason that wreckers like hurricanes, and foundering ships, because of what may float ashore from the ruins. You see that men who start wars never themselves get hurt. They make the speeches and others make the self-sacrifices. Notice that all those who instigated our civil war never as a consequence got so much as a splinter under the thumbnail, and they all died peacefully in their beds. I had two friends—as thorough friends as old men can be to a young man—Wendell Phillips and Robert Toombs. They were not among those who expected anything advantageous from the strife, but took their positions conscientiously. They both had as much to do with the starting of the war between the North and the South as any other two men.

A million brave Northern and Southern dead were put in the grave trenches, but the two illustrious and honest men I have mentioned were in good health long after the ending of things at Appomattox, and if those who advocated measures recently that would have brought on war between our country and Spain or England or Turkey, had been successful in bringing on the wholesale murder, they themselves would now have been above ground, as I hope they will be, to celebrate the birth of the twentieth century. If God had not interfered we would have had three wars within the last two years—war with England, war with Spain, and war with Turkey, this last joined by other nations transatlantic. To preserve the peaceful equipoise which such men are disturbing, we need a divine balancing, for which all good men on both sides the sea ought to be every day praying.

Again, prayer to God for those in authority is our only way of being of any practical service to them. Our personal advice would be to them, for the most part, an impertinence. They have all the facts as we cannot have them, and they see the subject in all its bearings, and we can be of no help to them except through the supplication that our text advises. In that way we may be infinite reinforcement. The mightiest thing you can do for a man is to pray for him. If the old Bible be true, and if it is not true it has been the only imposition that ever blessed the world, turning barbarism into civilization and tyrannies into republics—I say if the old Bible is true, God answers prayer. You may get a letter, and through forgetfulness or lack of time not answer it, but God never gets a genuine letter that He does not make reply. Every genuine prayer is a child's letter to his Heavenly Father, and He will answer it; and though you may get many letters from your child before you respond, some day you say: "There! I have received ten letters from my daughter, and I will answer them all now and at once, and though not in just the way she hopes for, I will do it in the best way, and though she asked me for a sheet of music, I will not give it to her, for I do not like the music spoken of; but I will send her a deed to a house and lot, to be hers forever." So God does not in all case answer in the way those who sent the prayer hoped for, but He in all cases gives what is asked for or something better. So prayers went up from the North and the South at the time of our civil war, and they were all answered at Gettysburg. You cannot make me believe that God answered only the Northern prayers, for there were just as devout prayers answered south of Mason and Dixon's line as north of it, and God gave what was asker for, or something as much more vauable, as a house and lot are worth more than a sheet of music.

There is not a good and intelligent man between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence river who does not believe that God did the best thing possible when He stood this nation down in 1865 a glorious unity never to be rent until the waters of the Ohio and the Savannah, the Hudson and the Alabama, are licked up by the long, red tongues of a world on fire. Yea, God sometimes answers prayers on a large scale. In worse predicament nation never was than the Israelitish nation on the banks of the Red sea, the rattling shields and the clattering hoffs of an overwhelming host close after them. An army could just as easily wade through the Atlantic ocean, from New York to Liverpool, as the Israelites would have waded through the Red sea. You need to sail on its waters to realize how big it is. How was the crossing effected? By prayer. Exodus xiv. 15: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." That is, "Stop praying and take the answer." And then the waters began to be agitated and swung this way and that way, and the depths became a billow, and the billow climbed other billows, and now they rise into walls of sapphire, and invisible trowels mason them into firmness, and the walls become like mountains, topped and turreted and crowned with crags of crystal, and God throws an invisible chain around the feet of those mountains, so that they are obliged to stand still, and there, right before the Israelitish army, is a turnpike road, with all the emerald gates swung wide open. The passing host did not even get their feet wet. They passed dry-shod, the bottom of the sea as hard as the pavement of Pennsylvania avenue, or New York's Broadway, or London's Strand. Oh! What a God we had; or, I think I will change that, and say "What a God we have!"

What power puts its hands upon astronomy in Joshua's time and made the sun and moon stand still? Joshua x. 12: "Then spake Joshua unto the Lord." Prayer! As a giant will take two or four great globes, and in astounding way swing them at arm's length, so the Omnipotent does as he will with the great orbs or worlds, with wheeling constellations and circling galaxies, swinging easily star around star, star tossed after star, or sun and moon held out at arm's length, and perfectly still, as in answer to Joshua's prayer. To God the largest world is a pebble.

Another reason why we should obey the Pauline injunction of the text and pray for all that are in authority is, that so very much of our own prosperity and happiness are involved in their doings. A selfish reason, you say. Yes, but a righteous selfishness like that which leads you to take care of your own health, and preserve your own life. Prosperous government means a prosperous people. Damaged government means a damaged people. We all go up together or we all go down together. When we pray for our rulers we pray for ourselves, for our homes, for the easier pillow of childhood, for better prospects for our children, for the hurling of these hard times so far down the embankment, they can never climb up again. Do not look at anything that pertains to public interest as having no relation to yourself. We are touched by all the events in our national history, by the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, by the small ship, the Half Moon, sailing up the Hudson, by the treaty of William Penn, by the hand that made the "liberty bell" sound its first stroke, by Old Ironsides plowing the high seas. And if touched by all the events of past America, certainly by all the events of the present day. Every prayer you make for our rulers, if the prayer be of the right stamp and worth anything, has a rebound of benediction for your own body, mind, and soul.

Another reason for obedience to my text is that the prosperity of this country is coming, and we want a hand in helping on its coming; at any rate I do. It is a matter of honest satisfaction to a soldier, after some great battle has been fought, and some great victory won, to say: "Yes, I was there. I was in the brigade that stormed those heights. I was in that bayonet charge that put the enemy into flight." Well, the day will come when all the financial, polit cal and moral foes of this republic will be driven back and driven down by the prosperities that are now on their way, but which come with slow tread and in "fatigue dress" when we want them to take "the double quick." By our prayers we may stand on the mountain top and beckon them on, and show them a shorter cut. Yea, in answer to our prayers the Lord God of hosts may from the high heavens command them forward swift and mounted troops and chariots. Read Ezekiel xxxviii. and Austerlitz. In 1672 Holland was assailed. Her people prayed mightily. The ships of her enemies waited for the high tides on which to come in. In answer to the prayers of Holland the tide, as never before, was detained twelve hours, and before twelve hours had passed a hurricane swooped upon the enemies' ships and destroyed them, and Holland was saved. If God detained the high tide in answer to prayer, will he not hasten it in answer to prayer? Surely it has been low tide long enough. May the Lord hasten the high tide of national welfare. American citizens, our best hold is in God. We have all seen families in prayer, and churches in prayer. What we want yet to see is this whole nation on its knees.

The most of them are dead; those who in 1851 moved in that procession that marched from the City hall of Washington down Louisiana avenue to Seventh street, and then through Pennsylvania avenue to the north gate of yonder Capitol, to lay the corner stone of the extension of that Capitol. The President who that day presided, and solemnly struck the stone three times in dedication long ago quit earthly scenes, and the lips of the great orator of that hour are dust, and the grand master of that occasion long ago put down the square and the level and the plumb with which, for the last time, he pronounced a corner stone well laid. But what most interests me now is that inside that corner stone in a glass jar, hermetically sealed, is a document of national import, though in poor penmanship. It is the penmanship of Daniel Webster, which almost ruined the penmanship of this country for many years, because many thought if they had Daniel Webster's poor penmanship it might indicate they had Webster's genius. The document reads as follows:

"If it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit be brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the nation of the United States of America stands firm; that their Constitution still exists unimpaired and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world; and all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and the happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures now to be erected over it, may endure forever. God save the United States of America.—Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States."

That was beautiful and appropriate at the laying of the cornerstone of the extension of the Capitol, fifty-eight years after the cornerstone of the old Capitol had been laid. Yet the cornerstone of our republic was first laid in 1776, and at the re-establishment of our national government was laid again in 1865. But are we not ready for the laying of the cornerstone of a broader and higher national life? We have as a nation received so much from God, shall we not owe new consecration? Are we not ready to become a better Sabbath-keeping, peace-loving, virtue-honoring, God-worshiping nation? Are we not ready for such a cornerstone laying? Why not now let it take place? With long procession of prayers, moving from the north and the south, the east and the west, let the scene be made august beyond comparison. The God of Nations, who hath dealt with us as with no other people, will preside at the solemnization. By the square and the level and the plumb of the Everlasting Right let the cornerstone be adjusted. Let that cornerstone be the masoning together of the two granite tables on which the law was written when Sinai shook with the earthquake, and inside that cornerstone put the sermon on the mount and a scroll containing the names of all the men and women who have fought and prayed and toiled for the good of this nation, from the first martyr of the American Revolution down to the last woman who bound up a soldier's wounds in the field hospital. And let someone, worthy to do so, strike the stone three times with the Gospel hammer, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Then let the building rise, one wall laved by the Pacific ocean, and the other washed of the Atlantic, until its capstone shall be laid amid the shouting of all nations, by that time as free as our own divinely founded, divinely constructed, and divinely protected Republic, the last throne of oppression having fallen flat into the dust, and the last shackle of tyranny been hung up in museum as a relic of barbaric ages.

The prayer that the great expounder wrote to be put in the corner-stone at the extension of the Capitol, I ejaculate as our own supplication: "God save the United States of America!" only adding the words with which Robert South was apt to close his sermons, whether delivered before the court at Christ Church Chapel, or in Westminster Abbey, at anniversary of restoration of Charles the II., or on the death of Oliver Cromwell and the worst tempest that ever swept over England: "To God be rendered and abscribed, as is most due, all praise, might, majesty, and dominion, both now and forever. Amen."

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

MRS. BERTHA LEHRMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhœa, and the worst forms of womb troubles.

"Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

BANDANNA BLOUSES.

The Most Admired Waists of Spring Are Made of the Bright Bandanna Colors.

The most popular silk blouses are in those bright "bandanna" colors that have become so popular this season. The seamless back of the bodice is of the bright scarlet silk, and the fullness is drawn down and caught by a narrow belt of the plaid.

At the front the bodice is made of the scarlet and gold plaid on the bias. Down the

A BANDANNA BLOUSE.

front there is a wide box plait of scarlet silk. Two full side pieces knot over the belt. The sleeves are of plaid and very full, with an entire deux of the scarlet silk. The cuffs hardly reach the elbow, and the collar is high and draped with points of the silk falling over it. Blue canvas cloth skirts over red silk, red canvas cloth over white silk, black canvas over scarlet, and other brilliant combinations are worn with these bright blouses. The blouses, by the way, are the most fashionable of any now seen in the silk waist line.

Hors du Combat.

"My man can't meet yours to-morrow," said the ambassador of one pugilist to the envoy extraordinary of another.

"What's the trouble?"

"He has sprained his——"

"Ankle?"

"No; he has sprained his tongue."—New York World.

She Stood Corrected.

"Have you any bicycle bloomers?" asked the New York girl, entering a Boston store.

"No, miss," replied the salesman, adjusting his glasses; "I was not aware that bicycles wore bloomers. I can show you some nice patterns for ladies who ride bicycles."—Yonkers Statesman.

There are times when the variation of a pulse beat tells the practiced physician whether the scale will go down and mean death or up and mean life. But suppose the medicine he prescribes is not the medicine which your child is taking, but something the druggist thought would do just as well! Who is going to regulate the balance then? A druggist who will offer you something else when you ask for Scott's Emulsion will do the same thing with his prescriptions. Get what you ask for!

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles and sufferings so painful to many that life is made miserable. The womb like the bladder was created for one purpose, and if left alone it is not liable to become diseased, except in rare cases. When in position the womb is situated back of and very close to the bladder, and for that reason any distress, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided by paying a little attention to the condition of the urine (see pamphlet). The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention The Toledo Weekly Blade and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

MRS. SIMPLETON'S ADVICE.

She Counted Upon the Use of Common Sense.

Mrs. Simpleton has a reputation for good sense. This is founded upon a solid buttress of achievement. Her family are almost invariably well, and they enter upon each day's experience with that zest in life which it is the object of all good housekeeping to secure for the inmates of the home. This aim, by the way, is often misunderstood. We do not keep house for the sake of preserving the house in good condition merely, but for the sake of preserving the people in it. She is the successful housekeeper who manages to secure for her family health and happiness from one year's end to another—which implies a clean and orderly management to be sure, but this is not the virtue generally lauded.

Mrs. Simpleton, however, works upon this line, and the results of her policy are much admired by many of her neighbors who would not for anything follow the rules which she scrupulously observes.

One of them came to her the other day and said: "My dear Mrs. Shupleton, our Percy is miserable this season. You know what dreadful attacks of illness he has had during the past year. The doctor says that we must try in every way to raise the standard of his general health. He fears that the child might not pull through another of those awful attacks. He is just seven now—a rather critical age, you know. Do advise me."

"Give me an idea of his diet," suggested Mrs. Simpleton.

The neighbor, with some care, detailed the child's usual day-to-day bill of fare. Mrs. Simpleton listened attentively, and made several recommendations in regard to minor points. Chiefly she urged more fruit for the child.

"He seems to get along, somehow, with very little fruit from one week's end to another," she remarked. "Now my children have fruit three times a day all the year round, though some children might not thrive on so liberal a diet. Suppose you begin giving Percy an orange every morning, with another at noon after a few days if the one agrees with him, and gradually increase the amount until he takes more or less fruit at each meal, in case always that it seems to agree with him. I should not be surprised if you should find that if you give him fruit freely it will improve his condition greatly in the end."

It was three weeks before Mrs. Simpleton saw the Neighbor again. Then she hastened to inquire for Percy. A coolness came over the manner of the Neighbor.

"Percy has been quite ill for a week," she replied.

"I am distressed to hear it," exclaimed Mrs. Simpleton. "What are his symptoms?"

"Oh, he is all out of order in every way, and we think that we gave him too much fruit."

"Just how much did you give him?"

"Oh, I began as you said. I gave him an orange in the morning, and then I gave him another at noon, after his lunch, and both of them seemed to agree with him. About a week ago I thought I would let him eat fruit as freely as he chose, as you advised."

"How freely, for instance?"

"Well, the day before he was taken ill he had two oranges for breakfast in the morning, and at noon I let him have two oranges again, and two bananas, scraping off the fuzzy lining carefully, as you told me, that proved to be indigestible. Then he had a plate of dates, perhaps a dozen, and a dish of stewed prunes ready for his supper, but he never got to that, for he was terribly nauseated during the afternoon, and he has been miserable ever since. The doctor has advised us to stop the fruit diet entirely. Of course you meant well, Mrs. Simpleton, and I thank you, but, you see, it hasn't turned out well."

"I—I," gasped poor Mrs. Simpleton—"I really ought to have mentioned that I should not think of giving the child more than one kind of fruit at a time, but——"

"You said 'freely,'" quoted the Neighbor, mercilessly.

And Mrs. Simpleton, by dint of striving and prayer, managed to wait until the Neighbor was out of hearing before she ejaculated the rest of her sentence: "—but I did count on your having a little common-sense!"—Harper's Bazar.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

Watching the Story.

Rufus Choate once, while addressing a jury, several times repeated a certain part of his plea—repeating in the same words and accent. Certain that the great advocate had some reason for so strange a proceeding—a reason not obvious to others—the late E. P. Whipple took an opportunity to ask an explanation. Mr. Choate's answer in substance was: "There is a numbskull on the jury who was paying too attentive heed to what I was saying. I would have kept up the repetition until he listened, if it had taken the entire day."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wholly Indifferent.

"Young man," said the multi-millionaire, angrily, "how dare you get engaged without my knowledge—and to that actress?"

"Such a matter, sir, in one in which I do not think that even a father should be absolute."

"But you never earned a dollar in your life. Supposing I publicly renounce you?"

"All right, sir. The offener you publicly renounce me the more you advertise my wife."—Washington Star.

Modern Son-in-Law.

She—"You won't object to having dear mama live with us after we are married, will you?

He (a young doctor)—"Not at all. In fact, she will be most welcome."

She—"It's so good of you to say so!"

He—"Not at all. You see, she is always ailing, and I really need somebody to experiment on!"—Comic Cuts.

His Crime.

Mrs. Strongmind—And for what are you incarcerated here, my poor man?

The Prisoner—I married a new woman.

Mrs. Strongmind (astonished)—Impossible! You couldn't be put in jail for that.

The Prisoner—But I was! I married a new woman and the old woman I already had put me in here for bigamy.—Household Words.

More Than Willing.

Amy—Mabel, do you ever think about marriage?

Mabel—Think is no name for it. I worry.—Harlem Life.

The Sunday School.

Peter Delivered From Prison.

LESSON 4, APRIL 25, 1897.

Golden Text—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34:7.

(Acts 12:5-17. Memory verses: 7-9.)

5. Peter therefore was kept in prison; but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.

6. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison.

7. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.

8. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals: and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.

9. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision.

10. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him.

11. And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the land of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.

12. And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together praying.

13. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda.

14. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate.

15. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel.

16. But Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished.

17. But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go shew these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place.

Illustrative Applications.

But prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him (v. 5). Focus your attention on that tremendous "but." Herod is king. Herod is powerful. Herod's plans are laid, and he is set on them. When the passover is gone, Herod will make of Peter's execution a gala time. The Jews, who hate Peter, will tumultuously applaud. Thus the more firmly fixed, and winning brighter luster, will be Herod's kinghood. And Peter is guarded: chains on wrists; soldiers, with their wrists chained to this, sleeping at his side, the least movement on Peter's part will awaken them; other soldiers, too, are pacing back and forth before the prison gate; besides, there are still other soldiers detailed and ready to take the place of these when their watch is done. Fasten your attention, however, on this tremendous "but." It covers and suggests a force prevailing, masterful. Men, in their large wisdom and devastating calculations, are very apt to fail to take account of this force. Yet here is a force more real and great than thrones, sceptors, marshaled armies. "But"—prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him. Heed the sort of prayer going on there. Literally it is stretched-out prayer, as when one stretches out his hand to take definite grasp on something. It was stretched out, intent, particularizing prayer. And that sort of prayer is a real force. It brought marvelous answer and deliverance. I beseech you, have faith in such sort of prayer, and use it more. These things are written unto us for examples. Definitely, intently, tell your need or desire before the throne. Something will come of it, even though you seem to be praying in the face of walls and chains and hostile weapons. Good prayers never come weeping home.

The same night Peter was sleeping (v. 6). There is nothing so peace-bringing as a definite decision. He is no longer the wavering Peter, who once denied his Lord. He is now indeed the rock Christ promised he should become, settled in purpose to be true to the Master at all hazards. So he can sleep peacefully, whatever the morrow may bring forth. The man of the divided mind is the restless man. He is caught in cross-current. He is amid the strain and contentions of self-disputations. Now he thinks he will do this, then that. He can not have peace. Sleep can not much bless him. But the mind definitely determined upon righteousness has entered into peace. It is not so wonderful that he can sleep. He giveth his beloved sleep.

Rise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. * * Gird thyself, and bind thy sandals. * * Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. * * * The iron * * which opened to them of its own accord (vs. 7, 8, 10). Will you notice that what Peter could not do for himself the angel did for him? The angel cast off his chains, he swung apart the iron gate; these things Peter could not do. But the sandals Peter was to himself bind on, because he could; and he was to cast his garment round himself and follow the angel for the same reason. I think a very real and practical principle is disclosed here. Prayer brings help to our helpless need; prayer will not bring help to our refusal of exertion where we can exert ourselves. I am perfectly sure that prayer that his sandals might be bound on, and his garment be cast about him, would never have gotten answer, though Peter himself and the church with him had thus made petition. Prayer never puts premium upon listlessness, laggardness, inattention. If the answer to your prayer seems slow in coming, I am sure it would be well for you to seek to discover if there be not some sandal you can bind on, if there be not some garment you can cast about yourself, if there be not some following you should set yourself at. There is a good deal of even Christian truth in the old heathen motto, "The gods help those who help themselves."

But Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened, they saw him, and were amazed (v. 16). And so they declared that Rhoda was crazy, because she affirmed that their prayers had been veritably answered. And then they had to give another and strange explanation of the knocking they heard, and then, when at last Peter stood before them, they were amazed. And for a long time Peter, kept outside, had to continue knocking, before he could so much as get in. They were not ready to receive the answer to their own prayers. I think there are a good many knocking Peters of answered prayers kept outside still. For example, there is the knocking Peter of the forgiveness of sins, frequently kept outside. A great and aged saint says: "I have enjoyed the forgiveness of my sins for fifty-two years. By the grace of God I never have for one single moment doubted that my sins were forgiven. How do I know that my sins are forgiven? Have I heard something like a voice from heaven about it? No; on no account do I wish it. Had I a dream about it? No; nor do I care about it. Had I in some powerful way a passage applied to my heart? Not even this. But I rest in childlike simplicity on the word of God where it is declared whosoever believes in the Lord Jesus shall obtain forgiveness of his sins. So you see this great and aged saint had been letting the Peter of forgiven sin in, and having the comfort of it, by believing the divine promise. But I have known ever so many people who wanted something more and other than a divine promise, some waft of feeling, some sudden jump from dark to light, some preconceived sort of experience; and unwilling to rely on divine promise, and craving something else, they have kept this Peter of the forgiveness of their sins knocking outside their heart, some of them for years and years. For example, again, there is the knocking Peter of service. Many times people pray that they may be given service to do for Jesus. How frequently I have heard such prayers in prayer-meeting! And here comes the service for them to do, knocking at their hearts' gate and hands' gate for entrance. It may be the teaching of a Sunday school class, it may be the giving of some money, it may be testifying for their Lord by speech, it may be the setting right some difficulty with some one, it may be this or that; but such knocking Peter of service they will not give entrance to. They keep him outside. The very thing they have prayed for they will have none of. Ah, me! What a wonderful church or Sunday school yours would be if every member or teacher would let in the Peter of service they have been praying for!—Wyland Hoyt, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

AN EMPIRE BOLERO.

The Name is Applied to a Wonderful Little Cape Effect in Green Velvet.

They are making a marvelous little cape which they call an Empire bolero. It has the bolero effect in front, with a cape or half jacket in the back, all of green velvet. The sleeves are immense ruffles of green velvet, with a standing collar of the same.

As all new garments must be in violet and green, this green velvet cape has a lining of

AN EMPIRE EFFECT.

violet satin, and upon the back there is an immense bow of green velvet, lined with violet. Under the sleeve ruffles, to set them off, there is a deep black net lace ruffle, with a heading of violet satin. The bolero collar has a viole lining.

The little toque to be worn with this is a mass of violets with a green bow at the front, with a heavy violet aigrette curving over. The gown goes well under this cape, and a buckle of gold set with semi-precious amethysts is marvelously effective. This, too, in the hands of an expert home dressmaker is not costly.

THREE BOOKS.

The Most Curious, the Highest Priced and the Oldest.

The most curious book in the world is neither written nor printed. Its pages are composed of the finest quality of vellum, and the letters were with infinite pains and trouble cut out of the material with a sharp-pointed knife or pair of delicate scissors. It is interleaved with blue paper, and the letters can, therefore, be read as readily as any print, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It formerly belonged to the Prince De Ligne, and is now in the library of a noble French family.

The title of the book is "Liber Passionis Nostri Jesu Christi, cum Characteribus Null Materia Compositis," in English, "The Book of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in Characters Without Materials of Composition." The matter is a homily probably composed by some monastic preacher of the middle ages. A remarkable circumstance connected with this book is the fact that, although it bears the royal arms of England, no mention of it can be found in any English writing. The book is believed to have been made some time in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. In 1640 the Emperor Rudolph II. offered for it 11,000 ducats, which, in the money of our time, would equal about $60,000, and the offer was refused.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II. for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was then believed to be an original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew into Greek in 277 B. C., careful copies of the Hebrew texts having been prepared at that date for the use of the 70 translators. The offer of Julius was £20,000, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of $500,000. Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money to maintain the Holy League which the Pope had organized against France, but in spite of his lack of funds he declined the offer.

The oldest book in the world, to which a positive date can be assigned, is an assortment of proverbs somewhat after the style of the proverbs collected by Solomon. The work is accredited to Ptahhotep, an

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 140,000

DO YOU WANT A GOOD WATCH?

If you do, read our new watch offer, at the head of the Publishers' Department, on the fifth page of this issue. The statements made there concerning the watch are strictly true. We have had some of the watches on trial for the past three months, and have submitted them to every possible test. They are reliable timekeepers, stem set and stem wind; good works, in a solid nickel case. Take hold speedily if you want one of them!

In the same department is an announcement of our new picture "Sheridan at Five Forks." It is not the same as the "Battle of Five Forks" in our regular picture offer. It is a beauty!

SUGAR BEETS IN OHIO.

Some little time ago, The Blade published the fact that the secretary of agriculture is organizing blocks of five farmers in every county of sixteen states, to experiment in sugar-beet raising; the seed to be furnished free, and samples of beets from each locality to be tested, to determine the percentage of sugar.

This has brought The Blade a number of letters, asking what the farmers can do with the beets they raise this season, in states where there are no sugar factories.

Farmers can not raise beets as a regular crop unless there is a market for them; there can be no market unless a sugar factory is within reach. Capitalists will not embark money in a sugar plant unless they are certain that the beets grown in that locality contain the necessary percentage of sugar to make it profitable to extract, and that a sufficient acreage will be regularly grown to keep the factory employed.

The secretary of agriculture proposes this year to test the production and amount of sugar contained. If these are proved satisfactory, by actual experiment, men of money will have the data which will warrant them in the investment of capital to erect a plant.

The two things the farmer must determine, in order to know whether it will pay him to make sugar beets a regular crop, are: How many tons the soil he owns will produce per acre; and the percentage of sugar in the crop.

The beets thrive in almost any soil except swampy land or a stiff clay. The crop should be rotated with wheat and clover. The yield is from eight to fifteen tons per acre, and the price is about $4 per ton. The average cost of production is about $30 per acre, not counting the hauling to the factory, and the possible profits from $20 to $30 per acre.

The only way to test the productiveness on a given soil and the saccharine quality, is to grow an experimental plot. A farmer should mark off a lot 10 rods long and 8 rods wide, measuring it accurately. This is exactly half an acre. Let him put this in sugar beets this season. Next fall the beets should be dug, the tops cut off, the beets washed, and the total output of the half-acre be accurately weighed. This will give him the exact crop in tons for a half acre. A sample lot will be tested by the Agricultural Department, and the percentage of sugar determined. Thus he will have the data from which he can compute the profitableness of the culture on his farm.

The progressive farmer will not hesitate to make such a trial. The beets he raises this year can not be used for sugar, but they will pay the cost of raising by feeding them to stock. There is no doubt the soil of Ohio is excellent for the plant.

SENSIBLE AT LAST.

The very hardest thing for the average mortal to do is to acknowledge that he or she is mistaken—that the opinions advocated are based on erroneous grounds, and that the "cause" in which time and effort has been spent is a fallacy.

Miss Phoebe Couzins has had the courage to do this, and it gives us a higher opinion of her mental equipment than before. Miss Couzins admitted that all her dreams of woman's advancement have been dissipated; that the world don't want to be reformed in this particular direction, and that at last she sees that woman's sphere is in the home.

Judge Thompson, in the course of the interview recalled their first meeting, at which he told her that the true mission of woman is motherhood, at which dictum Miss Couzins had sneered. Her reply was this:

"You were right, judge. The last time I listened to a Sunday school exercise I learned that. The pupils were repeating the golden text: 'Suffer little children to come unto me. * * * For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' I realized that no children could come unto me, and I am not ashamed to say I wept at the thought."

The home is the unit of civilization; and to make a home is ample field for any woman. The husband to battle with the world and make provision for wife and children, the wife to keep the home and make it what it should be—that is the normal division of effort between the sexes. The single individual is but the half of a possible whole; and the man or woman who goes through life alone has lost the best and most satisfying of the conditions which earth offers us.

The battleship Iowa developed a speed of 17 knots an hour on her trial trip, and came proudly into Boston harbor with a broom in her foretop, signifying that she is the fastest vessel of her kind in the world. When Uncle Sam tries his hand he can beat the world—even in building battleships.

The President has decided not to move in the matter of revoking or modifying the forest reserves order of Mr. Cleveland until Congress decides whether it will act or not. There is a legal question as to the power of a President to revoke an order of his predecessor without specific authority.

JAPAN'S GOLD STANDARD.

The Japanese gold standard, which is now an accomplished fact, is described by the Washington Post, which doubtless gets its information from the Treasury department of the United States, as follows: There will be, it says, four gold coins, representing respectively one, five, ten and twenty yens; and these will be equivalent in value to the same number of gold dollars of United States coinage. Thus it appears that the Japanese gold yen will be equivalent in value to the United States gold dollar. These coins will be legal tender for all debts and taxes, and will be the basis of an issue of gold currency notes and gold bonds. The gold standard coins will be .900 fine.

The silver coins will remain of the same diameter as at present and correspond in diameter with the coins of the United States; but the additional weight of silver put into them to bring them up to an equivalent in value of gold will be represented by increased thickness. The ration between gold and silver in the new coins will be 1 to 32.34.

The programme for getting rid of the present currency provides that the banks of the country shall receive the present silver coins at the rate of 2.18 yens for one yen of gold in the new coinage, and shall not reissue them. The old silver coins are to remain a legal tender, and receivable for taxes at the rates mentioned; and when received by the government for taxes or otherwise, are to be remelted, and the new coinage issued instead.

The new law goes into effect October 2, by which time it is expected that the mints of Japan will have coined 48 million yen in gold, for which purpose 20 million dollars in gold bullion is already in the mint at Osaka and 15 million more en route.

The Japanese currency in constructed upon a decimal system similar to our own, ten rin making one sen, and 100 sen one yen, which is equivalent to our dollar. The only coins in circulation are silver yens and fractional silver, which corresponds with our 10, 15, 25 and 50 cent pieces; but people, it is said, prefer bank notes, and will not take silver if they can have their choice.

The total currency of all kinds in Japan is only 7½ yens per capita, which is less than one-fifth of the per capita circulation of the United States. Japan, it appears, has also proved by practical experience the truth of the Gresham law, so called. In 1878 silver was made a legal tender for customs, and in 1883 bonds were issued by the government payable in silver. In 1884 silver notes were issued by the Treasury. In 1885 gold disappeared entirely from circulation, and has not been seen by the common people of the country since.

MICHIGAN'S ELECTION.

The Bryanites who are claiming the result of the Detroit city election to be a "triumph" for their pet fad are conveniently silent on the result of the state election in Michigan at the same time.

Judge Long, the Republican candidate for justice of the Supreme Court, was re-elected by a heavy plurality. Against him were arrayed the forces of Democracy, and of free silver, whether the latter were Populists or Republicans. All the cranks and silverites of every stripe fused on one ticket, in the hope of carrying the state and reviving a dying issue.

The Republicans, confronted by this many-sided coalition of opposing forces, made a square fight on national issues, and won by a larger plurality than they hoped or expected. The silverites were very confident, basing their hopes on the fact that an immediate and complete restoration of prosperity to people and nation did not follow directly upon McKinley's election. They banked on the ignorance of the masses, and met a crushing defeat. The people know that the restoration of the conditions which make prosperity possible will be accomplished only by the passage of a protective tariff bill, and are biding their time in hopeful patience.

RHODE ISLAND PLURALITIES.

The spring elections in Rhode Island for the past three years show clearly the feeling of the people on national issues, and give the lie to the pretensions of the Democrats, built upon the results of a few municipal elections in which local issues predominated.

In April, 1895, the Republican plurality was 10,809.

In 1896 the Republican plurality rose to 11,411.

This year the Republican plurality is over 14,000—the greatest ever given in the state for a candidate at the spring state election.

There is in these figures no reason for Republican discouragement. City elections hinge on local conditions; state contests are waged on straight party issues. If Mr. Bryan or his deluded followers can gain any consolation out of the Rhode Island figures, they must be akin to that philosopher who extracted sunbeams from cucumbers.

CHICAGO'S MAYOR.

The city election in Chicago resulted in the election of Carter H. Harrison, the Democratic candidate. This was not because of any preference of a majority of the people for him or his party, but because the Republicans revolted against the machine. The independent candidate for mayor, Mr. Harlan, had more votes than the regular Republican nominee.

The significance of the contests in Chicago and Cincinnati is that they are protests against bossism and machine rule. In the Ohio city, the anti-boss Republicans voted for the Democratic nominee; in Chicago, they nominated a ticket of their own. In both cases the Democratic ticket was the beneficiary.

There is no surer way to emancipate a party from the rule of a ring than for all self-respecting men to refuse to support its nominees. The steadily increasing disposition of intelligent voters to ignore party lines in local elections is a most cheering sign. A machine must depend upon local support for its lease of power, and by defeating it at home it is powerless in state or national politics.

Theodore Roosevelt is nominated assistant secretary of the navy. His associates on the New York police commission are hoping he will accept, as Teddy is a wearying individual, who keeps the board in continual hot water.

The prospects of the passage of the Torrey bankruptcy bill are good. It is in the Senate, and will pass that body early enough to give it a fair chance in the House. It ought to be enacted into law.

Venezuela has ratified the boundary matter, and all is now serene. Uncle Sam did such a good job in this that he should be encouraged to try his hand on the Cuban matter.

A BIG RAILWAY POOL.

The indications are that a big railroad combination is preparing a railway transcontinental pool on a magnificent scale. Ex-Secretary of War Lamont is to become president of the Northern Pacific road, and then a combination is to be formed with the Great Northern, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and it may be with the Canadian Pacific. James J. Hill, the Minneapolis magnate of the Great Northern, is the moving spirit, and with him are J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, and the Deutscher bank, of Berlin, which is a heavy bondholder of the Northern Pacific.

The mileage involved is enormous. The Great Northern has 4,495 miles, the Northern Pacific 4,649, and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company 1,065—a total of 10,209 miles. The Morgan interest controls the Northern Pacific, the Hill interest the Great Northern, and bids have been made by the combination for a controlling interest in the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. The two lines first named hold millions of acres of land which were given by the government in order that there might be two competing lines through the Northwest. If the pooling is effected, this vast territory will be dependent on a combination controlled by foreign speculators, and the traffic will be taxed all it can bear, to pay dividends on the par value of stock that was bought by the Deutscher bank at 36 for preferred and 15 for common.

The combination will violate the spirit of the Sherman anti-trust law, though its promoters evidently hope that they may evade the letter of that statute. The subject is a proper matter for Congressional action. The people of the Northwest should not be left at the mercy of the pool. If people build unprofitable railroads, let them bear the burden themselves, not shift it on the helpless producers of the vast territory involved.

JERRY SIMPSON'S BREAK.

Jerry Simpson made a holy show of himself in the House on Wednesday in a speech denouncing Speaker Reed because he has not appointed the remainder of the House committees. The sockless statesman from Kansas introduced into his speech newspaper extracts which asserted that the members of the House has been "robbed" of their right to legislate by the speaker, and other criticisms of Mr. Reed's course, and sat down with an air which betrayed that he thought he had scored a big point.

Speaker Reed made a temperate reply, which completely knocked the underpinning from the plea of the Kansan. He stated that it had always been deemed proper that the speaker should have a reasonable time to acquaint himself with the capabilities of new members before making up the committees; and he quoted a precedent, when Mr. Blaine was speaker, in which that gentleman did not appoint the committees at an extra session.

As to the charge of usurpation, Mr. Reed pointed out that whatever power is lodged in the hands of the speaker is placed there by the House itself, for its purposes alone, and that the House has full power to command the speaker if it shall disapprove of his course. Then the incident ended, amid prolonged cheering of Reed's remarks.

Mr. Simpson seems not to have learned anything of honesty of purpose or courtesy of manner since he was in the House before. A demagogue of the demagogues, his outbreaks are simply an appeal to the ignorance and partisan zeal of the people who disgraced themselves by sending him to Congress. It will be a happy day for the nation when the people grow too intelligent to send a man to Congress who has no brains, but only a mouth.

THE END IN SIGHT.

The Spanish campaign in Cuba is approaching a crisis. In about a month the rainy season will begin, and during its continuance offensive operations in the field are virtually barred. Unless something decisive can be accomplished within the next few weeks, Weyler will be doomed to inaction until fall.

The Spanish government can furnish no more money and no more troops. At Havana, business is injured by the irredeemable paper money Weyler has issued, which is steadily depreciating, to the utter derangement of commerce, and loss to the people.

Then, too, the wholesale destruction of sugar plantations in the western end of the island by Weyler is ground for large claims against Spain by the English and American owners thereof. These claims will aggregate one hundred million dollars, at least, and Spain will soon have to meet an urgent demand for indemnity, backed by the governments of those countries.

The end is in sight. Spain will be compelled to abandon Cuba, thus relinquishing its control to the republic. There is no probability that Weyler can accomplish anything notable in the field in the short time that remains before the beginning of the rainy season. The Cuban system of guerilla warfare avoids combat in the open field. The insurgents retire before an advance, but reoccupy the territory the moment the Spanish troops leave it; and Weyler has not enough men to hold each and every point permanently.

That man who contends that what was good enough for our grandfathers is good enough for us is not a good citizen. Had all mankind been like him there would have been no progress and possibly no evolution, so that the line of demarcation between man and apes would have been scarcely visible.—Findlay Courier.

Quite true, most sapient Courier; but why don't you follow your advice? A few short months ago you were endeavoring to persuade the people that, because in the days of our grandfathers 16 ounces of silver would buy as much as an ounce of gold, it therefore can be made to buy as much now. Civilization, by evolution, has adopted the metal best adapted as a monetary standard, yet you wish to have them go back to the days of our grandfathers.

The gamblers and saloonkeepers of Chicago are hilarious over Harrison's election as mayor, for his campaign was made on the promise to run things wide open. Suppose Carter, jr., should fool 'em and do his duty?

It is a fact not to be forgotten that, though Pingree's man was defeated for mayor of Detroit, the Republican state ticket carried that city by 11,000 plurality. Silver shouters will please make a memorandum thereof.

Have you noticed there is no trouble over maintaining the gold reserve since McKinley's inauguration?

Whenever Bryan steps upon a platform, political or otherwise, it weakens.

EX-SENATOR VOORHEES.

Daniel Wolsey Voorhees, for years the most prominent Democratic politician in Indiana, except Hendricks, died on Saturday at his home in Washington city. Since 1858 he has been almost constantly in public office. He was one of the old-time orators of the Democratic school, his success as a speaker depending upon florid rhetoric rather than upon sound argument.

Though he had always a strong following among the Indiana Democracy, he never became a truly national figure, because he was merely a politician, and not a statesman. He was for many years a member of the House of Representatives, and for twenty years a Senator, and during this service held positions on the more important committees, yet made no lasting impress on national legislation. The reason was that he did not possess the grade of ability needed to become a success in constructive legislation. His talents lay along the opposite line. He was a destructive. It is always possible to find fault with any human policy or law or principle.

To do this was Voorhees' strong point. He opposed the war, because it was carried on by a Republican administration. He opposed every measure of constructive legislation proposed by Republican administrations from the war period down to the present time. He achieved what to such men is success—he kept in office during the principal portion of his life; but he made no enduring impress upon the history of his time, and will be remembered more as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" than for any acts he performed during his long period of public service.

THE RACE OF SUCKERS.

Certainly there was a basis of truth in the remark of Barnum, the showman, that "the American people like to be humbugged." Nothing else can explain why concerns such as the "E. S. Dean Company" flourish and grow rich. It ought to be plain to every one whose mental growth is superior to that of a ten-year-old child that the offer of an unknown concern, located in New York, to speculate on the market and bring returns of 100 per cent and upwards, is absurd.

If any man had such a cinch on the future course of the market he could borrow all the money he could handle, without advertising for suckers. Further, it ought to be plain that the course of any market is utterly impossible of forecast, except in a general way. The men who make such dealings a business are sharp and shrewd, and watch the indications with hawk-like vision. No transaction is possible without two parties. If a man desires to buy, believing the market will advance, he must find a man who wishes to sell, because he thinks a falling market is coming, and vice versa. If the indications point with any certainty to a rise, everybody wants to buy, and prices go sailing upward. There is no "inside information" that can be depended upon. That there are thousands of people so ignorant as to trust blindly the promises of schemers only proves that the fools are not yet all dead.

THE STATE OF MANHATTAN.

The proposition is again agitated in New York city to erect the projected city of Greater New York into a separate state, to be called Manhattan. The project is as old as the beginning of the civil war. Fernando Wood, then a copperhead Democrat and mayor of the city, proposed that New York should separate itself from the remainder of the state and from the United States, and keep clear of participation in the civil war.

The point is urged that Greater New York will have over 3,000,000 people, a population equaled only six states of the Union—New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, Illinois, Missouri and Ohio. Two bills have been introduced into the state legislature looking to the creation of the state of Manhattan, which is to include within its boundaries the city of New York as it will be when the law providing for the union of Brooklyn and other cities with New York goes into effect.

The movement originated in the city of New York and grew out of the fact that that city has to pay about 75 per cent. of the entire expense of the state government. Two years ago there was a good deal of talk in this direction, while the legislature was in session, but it did not take the form of a bill providing for separation. Two bills have been prepared with this end in view, the gist of which is as follows: One of the provides that the legislature shall give its consent to Congress to create a new state out of the territory embraced in the counties of New York, Kings, Queens, Richmond and part of Westchester, now comprising the Greater New York. The second provides that the question of whether or not a new state shall be created shall be submitted to a vote of the electors within the counties named at the next election.

The city is Democratic, the rest of the state Republican. Hence politics really is at the bottom of the agitation. But we doubt if the plan can be carried out. If we begin to cut up states for political reasons, when will the process end? There are many instances where a division would free one portion of a state from political domination by the remainder, but that affords no just and sufficient reason for splitting it in two. All such projects should be opposed on general principles.

The demand for prompt action by the Senate on the tariff bill grows apace. Members of that body are receiving communications from Republicans and Democrats alike, urging prompt action. The finance committee, which expected to put a couple of months on the bill, will finish it within this month, and the plans for elaborate discussion in the Senate are being materially reduced.

Millions of capital is now awaiting the action of Congress on the tariff bill. Its enactment will be a signal for activity among the factories of the East, in the beet-growing sections of the West, in the cotton fields and factories of the South, in the manufacturing establishments of the Mississippi valley, and on the fertile fields of the Pacific slope.

New York expects a million visitors at the dedication of the Grant monument. It would be strange if that many Americans should not go there to honor the memory of the greatest of American generals.

The Republican plurality on the state ticket in Michigan was larger than that of any similar spring election in that state, save one, in twenty years.

Young men who want a pull with the administration should remember that Postmaster General Gary has six marriageble daughters left.

THE SLUMP IN WHEAT.

Last week saw a notable decline in the wheat market, and the prices of other grains and provisions were lowered in sympathy. This slump in wheat was due to the "letting go" by those speculators who have been for weeks holding up the market under the erroneous impression that the world's supply is less than it is now demonstrated to be.

It is now clear that the stock on hand in this country is ample for all demands until the new crop is harvested. The government report on the condition of winter wheat on April 1 gives a prospect of 81.4 per cent of an average crop, which would mean about 296,000,000 bushels on the acreage sown last fall. This showing should stop any further decline; and the prospect of war in Europe is another factor making for higher prices. The outlook is for an advance instead of a fall.

The fact that the Sugar Trust is importing all the raw sugar it can buy all over the world fully refutes the Democratic falsehood that the Dingley bill is most favorable to its interests than the Wilson law.

One of the signs of the times is the fact that the gold Democratic vote in Michigan was greatly increased this spring over its total last November. Bryanism is on the wane in the two peninsulas.

In two weeks the tariff bill will probably be reported to the Senate and it will be a law by the first of June.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

In the Senate, the tariff bill is submitted to two opposing streams of influence. On the part of some of the more conservative members of that body there is being manifested a tendency to revise the rates established by the House in the direction of a reduction; and if it were not for the pressure in some quarters, it is not unlikely that this tendency would carry the day. On the other hand, the pressure for increases in some directions is very marked. One member of the majority in the Senate, while saying that the pressure for higher rates is very strong, says that there is some chance that it may be yielded to, a chance which he speaks of as a danger, for he says that if the pressure for higher duties is yielded to there is great danger that the bill will not become a law. In that case, he declares, there may be such an uprising against it that there will be a majority against it instead of for it.

One of the interesting features of the news of the week from abroad is that protests have been received from the governments of Germany, France, the Netherlands and Italy against various provisions of the Dingley tariff bill as it stands at present. The German note of protest objects to the differential duty on sugar as being antagonistic to the most-favored-nation clause in the existing treaty. Similar protests have been received from Germany before in relation to provisions of the Wilson bill. It is expected that if this protest is unheeded the German government will put in force retaliatory measures against German cereals, hog products and petroleum. France, the Netherlands and Italy have also protested, though in different terms from Germany. Italy's protest is against the duties on Italian marble and oranges and lemons. Japan is also interested in the new tariff, for while the government has entered no protest, the press of the empire is editorially expressing fear that the new rates will bear heavily on Japanese products, particularly manufactures of raw silk.

While the legality and the policy of the retroactive clause of the Dingley bill are still matters at least open for discussion, Secretary Gage has not hesitated to take measures for carrying into action the section of the bill which requires the secretary to make provision for the collection of the increased duties provided by the bill. He has issued a circular instructing chief officers of customs to delay until further orders final liquidation of entries made at the respective ports of any merchandise arriving after April 1. Such liquidation, however, it is provided, may be tentatively made, and shall not be closed and stamped, but shall be held open during the pendency of the order so as to be amended or corrected if necessary. The directions are not to be applied to any entries after April 1 of merchandise purchased and directed to be shipped before that date. This looks like rather rapid action, seeing that the bill has not become a law, but, seemingly, the operations of the department under the order will be only tentative.

Of the three mayors of municipalities to be incorporated in the greater New York, two, those of Brooklyn and of Long Island City, have approved the measure, but Mayor Strong, of New York City, has returned the measure without approval. He has sent to Albany a long memorandum in which, while not objecting to the general idea of consolidation, and while commending many features of the charter, he directs attention to what he regards as serious and fundamental defects. He protests against the plan for the government of the police, demanding a single head instead of a many-headed board. He also asks for the establishment of an independent bureau of elections, and wants to have the mayor's power of removal continued throughout his term. The general line of suggestion here outlined seems to be wise, but it is probable, judging from conditions existing in the legislature, that his recommendations will have little weight with that body.

Measures to prevent the destruction of seal life which has been going on in the past will be among the earliest to engage the attention of the administration. Upon the one side, it is learned, the President has determined to appoint a commission to endeavor to reach an agreement with Great Britain for the better protection of seal life, and in the meantime there will be concerted action with Russia and, perhaps, Japan, such as has been hitherto foreshadowed, with the same end in view. The immediate object to be brought about is the renewal of the modus vivendi of 1891, which would stay destruction until the regulations at present in force could be modified in the light which recent investigations have thrown upon the habits of the seals and the practices which have proved so destructive to their continued existence.

That the President cherishes a creditable ambition to give the country a diplomatic service worthy of the name has been shown by his chief appointments hitherto, and is once more demonstrated by his desire to make President Angell of Michigan University Minister to Turkey. Dr. Angell has filled this post already with conspicuous success, and neither of the other candidates suggested, Mr. Foster or Mr. Straus, would represent us in this capacity more efficiently. Despite the refusal of the Sultan to make the Turkish Minister at Washington an Ambassador, Mr. McKinley is very anxious, it is said, that Dr. Angell should go to Constinople with the highest diplomatic rank. As things are now it is a most important mission, and an Ambassador always has advantages over a Minister.

Secretary Gage's selection of Mr. W. B. Howell to be First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury is further evidence of his desire to follow civil service reform principles in the administration of his office. Mr. Howell has been in the treasury department for fifteen years, rising by merit through various stages until he came to have full charge of the customs division. His experience has especially fitted him for the duties he will have as first assistant secretary, although his appointment will doubtless be far from satisfactory to those persons who think that to be on the right side in politics is all the qualification necessary for even such highly specialized work as is done in the treasury department.

Even Congress can do things promptly if it chooses. Both houses responded at once to the special message from the President asking for money for the relief of those made homeless by the Mississippi floods, and $200,000 was promptly voted. The arrangements for distributing the money were as promptly completed by the secretary of war, and six army officers will attend at once to the work of relief. By all accounts the suffering thus to be relieved is very great, and the government has only done its duty in the premises. But how many other things there are it ought to do and which it persistently neglects!

However opinions may differ as to the reality of actual improvement in business, the figures of bank clearances should put the questions beyond argument. Increases in nearly every center, and increases, too, on a fairly satisfactory basis, tell the story that the wheels of prosperity, like the mills of the gods, grind exceedingly slow, but nevertheless they do grind. Unforeseen obstacles have from time to time produced an apparent standstill, or even retrogression, but it has invariably happened that when such obstacles have been overcome a comparison of conditions show that progress was being made even while difficulties were being brushed aside.

In the financial world a reaction is already apparent from the depression which had reached its acutest stage a week ago. Values in the stock markets show a healthy rebound. Bears, who never miss an opportunity to avail themselves of a temporary unrest, have been the first to acknowledge that their brief sojourn is over. Except in one or two instances where unfavorable conditions, long concealed by the management of the properties, have forced themselves into public recognition, securities are already recovering their normal level. Pending legislation of problematic utility and doubtful issue has been a disturbing factor in estimating the values of other stocks, but on the whole the general trend of markets has been to reflect the improved tone in commercial affairs.

Trade in the West is reported to be seriously interfered with by the bad country roads. Legislatures refuse to enact laws for the improvement of rural highways because the farmers who object to increased taxation will retaliate at the next election. The Western farmers do not appear to realize that they are imprisoned on their farms until the prairie mud dries up; that they are deprived of the benefit of high prices by the mire blockade, and that those who handle farm products are forced to remain idle two months of the year. It is singular that the class most affected by impassable roads refuses to consider the money to be made by taking advantage of rising markets. The only road enthusiasts out West are the cyclists, but the farmers are too short-sighted to see that pleasure riding is not the only benefit promised by proper road laws. The effect of the annual Western mud blockade is more than local; it cripples business the length of the trunk lines, and, unfortunately, the remedy is not in sight. It is evident that much agitation has had no perceptible effect on the prairies.

When a warship which was not intended to be fast comes fully up to expectations the fact is sufficient evidence of the skill with which the builders have performed their contract. Nothing more creditable to the Cramps than the record of the battleship Iowa can be cited in connection with their construction work on the new vessel of the navy. The high speed attained by some of the cruisers showed that they could accomplish a reform in engine installations among American ship builders, but did not add materially to the value of the ships. What is wanted in such cases is high-speed under ordinary conditions, and the Iowa, like the faster type, will enter the list of commissioned vessels with a promise of a very good rate for all practical purposes. That was the demand which the government made upon the builders, and it has been met in first-class style. When a contract for a really fast battleship, one of eighteen knots, for example, is sealed by the head of the Navy department there will be more reason to rejoice than when a sixteen-knot giant spurs up to seventeen under the influence of forced draught.

The New York bogus "brokerage" company, which without capital or financial backing of any sort, succeeded in swindling thousands of people out of hundreds of thousands of dollars, offered the attractive bait of "giving something for nothing." When it failed the police found $20,000 in its mail for a single day, contributions from dupes all over the country. It was they who gave something for nothing. The company itself received something for nothing and drove a thrifty business till the authorities interfered. This instance has served not only to exhibit the extensive ramifications of such swindles, but to direct attention to the skillful way in which bait is laid for the victims. In the instance referred to a system of alleged syndicates or blind pools were formed ostensibly to operate in the grain and stock markets upon a so-called "safe system," with surprising, if mythical, dividends or profits in sight. By this means it would seem that a surprisingly large number of people, especially in smaller cities and towns, have been relieved of their cash.

Indeed, it is pointed out, with probable accuracy, that not a little of the disfavor with which what is termed "Wall street" is regarded throughout the country is the result of experiences with bucket shops and so-called syndicates, and the absence of actual knowledge as to what the legitimate stock market really is. The remedy which it has been suggested the Stock Exchange can apply to the evil of bucket-shopping, namely, closely restricting the distribution of quotations, seems manifestly inadequate. The concerns which have been under notice last week were so organized that quotations were not necessary for their success. The true remedy would still seem to lie in the enforcement of criminal law and of the powers of the police to break up gambling.

Another week has passed and Greece is not blockaded, nor are her troops driven from Crete. The blustering of the powers is apparently as futile as the whistling of the wind. Greece was ordered to get out of Crete or submit to the humiliation of having her ports closed by the war vessels of "the powers." The king maintained his hold upon the island, but Greek ports are as free from blockade as they ever were. The powers are now debating among themselves whether the blockade shall be a peaceful or a belligerent one. If it is the former the ports will be closed only against Greek vessels, but if it is the latter they will be closed against the vessels of the world. Here comes in another question that is as perplexing to "the powers" as is the original one: How shall the vessels of nations not parties to the Berlin treaty be treated in case of a belligerent blockade? Take this country, which has a considerable trade with Greece, amounting to nearly $1,000,000 a year, and what would the powers do with a vessel under our neutral flag engaged in legitimate trade with Greece? This government would not for a moment tolerate any meddling with our commerce and trade in the manner now proposed by the powers. They understand that what they desire cannot be accomplished and hence the ports of Greece remain open to the world.

Greek resolution has given the concert of Europe a setback. The Greeks are, to say the truth, playing a waiting game with a degree of courage and discretion which has been a surprise to the world, and which is steadily gaining friends for them in the three nations which have the largest interest in the Mediterranean and whose governments depend on the support of public opinion. A tragic element in the situation may possibly be supplied by a collision just reported on the Macedonian border.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 4.

A TRICYCLE CAB.

Berlin's Newest Vehicle—It Seems to Be a Great Success.

Berlin is admiring an addition to the numerous new-fangled vehicles to be seen in its streets. This is the "tricycle cab" that has recently been introduced and has been found popular and practicable. There is a leather seat supported on springs over the rear axle of the machine. The passenger mounts with the aid of a footboard that rests on the round when he gets in, but which, when he is seated, is raised by a simple device. There is a leather hood for his protection in stormy weather; in pleasant weather it is pushed back like the hood of a buggy. The passenger faces the rear.

The cab is operated by a cyclist, the same as an ordinary tricycle, and can attain a speed of about twice that of a first-class Berlin "droschke," or cab—which, however, is not saying much. The fare is very low; for each 1,200 yards or so 2½ cents. The distance are measured by an automatic arrangement called a taximeter, which is in use in the ordinary cabs in many German cities, and registers on a dial the number of metres traversed, thus doing away with the need of arguing with the driver at the end of a trip as to the amount of fare due.

It is expected that the tricycle cab will become generally popular in Berlin, the few that have been tried experimentally having attracted much attention.

THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.

Many authorities assert that the bubonic plague now running riot in Bombay is the identical "black death" which wrought such dire distress in the middle ages. The disease receives its modern name from the fact that it attacks the lymphatic glands of the neck, arm-pits, groins, etc. The swollen parts are exceedingly sensitive to the touch, the patient has a high fever, respiration is difficult, the mind wanders and the face presents the appearance of intoxication or insanity.

The disease first attracted attention in Bombay less than a year ago; it had prevailed in Hong Kong, China, and, being contagious, is believed to have been carried from that city to Western India. Soon after its appearance in Bombay steps were taken to wipe it out. The efforts were comparatively successful for awhile, but recently the disease has begun to spread with terrifying rapidity. The number of deaths became so alarming that a panic ensued and over half the population, at least 450,000 people, have fled from the city. The disease was formerly known as the "poor plague," as it attacked first the people of the pauper classes. The present visitation of the scourge at Bombay showed the tendency at first to break out only in those districts where the sanitary laws either do not exist or are not regarded. Bombay is, however, excellently equipped to meet this necessity, as its drainage is very good, thanks to a fine supply of fresh and pure water. The scattering of the fleeing multitudes, on the other hand, promises a wide distribution of the disease to outlying districts, where it will be difficult to meet the emergency. This prospect, added to the wasting famine which is torturing stricken India just at present, makes a sorry forecast.

The plague, or black death, is supposed to have had its origin in China; although it has been a not infrequent visitor to Europe during the last half-century. In the fourteenth century London lost 100,000 of its population from the dread disease and it so depopulated the rural districts as to permanently change the social and industrial life of England. In 1663-65 England suffered another visitation. In 1772 nearly half the population of Marseilles was destroyed, and 70 years later the plague prevailed in Russia and Poland. It frequently attacks the people of Asia and the Euphrates valley, as well as the Chinese, who have good reason to dread it. During its prevalence in Bagdad in 1830 people died in that city at the rate of 2,000 a day, and on one particularly awful day 30,000 dead bodies were counted of people who had died within the limits of the town.

The cause of disease is unknown. It is confined to hot climates chiefly, and when it breaks out in colder countries invariably dies out at the approach of winter. Pure food and proper sanitation are excellent preventives, although nothing has been found which will assist much in the cure of the disease.

ANENT JOHN HAY.

A. H. N., writing from Helena, Mont., to a Chicago newspaper, tells some interesting things about Col. Hay. He says: "The new ambassador to the Court of St. James was the class poet of the class of 1858 of Brown university, and, as going to prove the truth of the Latin proverb (Poeta nascitur non fit), his class-day poem was said by our professor of modern languages, now the president of th University of Michigan, to be more genuinely a poem than any that had heretofore been heard in brown university. The concluding lines of that poem were as follows:

Our names may not flow down the surging ages,
As Hindoo lamps adown the sacred stream;
We may not stand sublime on history stages,
The bright ideals of the future's dream;
But we may all strive for the goal assigned us,
Glad if we win yet happy if we fail;
Work calmly on, nor care to leave behind us
The livid glaring of the meteor's trail.

"In my album containing the photographs of all our class Hay wrote upon the page facing his picture the following original:

Blindly to the grave we go,
Life to-day is death to-morrow,
God hath kindly willed it so.
Shorter life is shorter sorrow.

"At that time Hay was in Warsaw, Ill., and I remember that having on commencement day loaned a classmate $10, the sum total of his cash resources, and that classmate having left town the next day without returning the loan, Hay was obliged to remain in Providence for some time after his classmates had all gone to their homes. One day in 1862, as I sat with him in the privat secretary's office in the White House, he handed me a letter written by the man who had borrowed it. The writer wanted Hay to use his influence with President Lincoln to secure for him a soft place of some kind in the government service, and closed his application with these words: 'I am not personally belligerent.' The next day the private secretary answered his classmate's request with this brief note:

"'Dear Sir—I am directed by the President to advise you that the government has no use for men who are not personally belligerent.'

"'JOHN HAY, Private Secretary.'"

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

When a man is in love he can be brutal, but he can never be selfish.

It's the same feeling that makes a man bet on a horse race that makes a woman go to an auction.

A man is always looking for a nicer brand of smoking tobacco, and a woman for a better style of curling-irons.

Marriage would be happier if man were content to consider his engagement only the prelude and not the whole programme.

When a woman gets married she becomes either a slave or a slave driver, and the man she marries can make her either one.

When a woman gets caught in an argument with a man she says: "Well, it's a woman anyway!" When the man gets caught he says: "That's just like a woman.—New York Press.

CURRENT EVENTS.

King Oscar of Sweden is an interested student of mathematics.

Whales are said to be plentiful in the bay off Provincetown, Mass.

It is estimated that over $40,000,000 a year are spent for manuring purposes in the United States.

France has kept 200,000 tons of coal stored at Toulon since 1893, to be ready in case war should break out.

Reports from Connecticut cotton and woolen mills are that the prospect is improving for increased business.

The largest bronze statue in existence is in St. Petersburg. It represents Peter the Great, and weighs 1,000 tons.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lessons.

Portland was treated to a mirage recently, with vessels sailing on the sky and phantom islands on the horizon.

George Brandes, the noted Scandinavian literary critic, has recently received the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Dr. Isaiah R. Sexton, of Sparta, Kent county, Mich., is one of the thirty-three survivors of the war of 1812.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has made the poet Maurus Jokai a life member of the Hungarian House of Magnates.

A sleigh owned by Alden Rich, of Goodsville, Vt., was made 155 years ago, but is still in use and good running order.

The Princess of Wales prefers the tricycle to the bicycle, and fashionable women throughout England are following suit.

Gray horses are usually the longest lived. Creams are decidedly delicate, and are seriously affected by very warm weather.

When the Queen of Italy enters a store to do some shopping the doors are closed and the public is excluded until she has left.

Salt water is highly injurious in its effects upon rubber. Bicycles should not be ridden on roads which are watered with sea water.

In the Russian village of Vlalova there is a peasant named Sator who claims to be 153 years old and that his father lived 150 years.

President McKinley has already distinguished himself by shaking the hands of 1,295 callers at the White House in thirty-one minutes.

There are 83 national cemeteries in this country, containing in all 325,879 bodies,

AYER'S THE STANDARD SARSAPARILLA OF THE WORLD.

Fifty years of cures is the record of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the record of this remedy which gives it the substantial popularity it enjoys with all classes, and makes it "the standard household remedy."

"When I was a boy, living at home in East Walton, Hants county, Nova Scotia, 40 years ago, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the standard remedy. My father used it for his children, and I, following his footsteps, used it for mine. Ayer's is the oldest and best of all the sarsaparillas. We have tried others and we found that there was something in them so that some of us could not take them, while Ayer's always agrees with us. My family was raised on **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, and too much cannot be said in its favor. There is nothing in this world that I know of that can take its place. We could not get along without it. It is the standard household remedy in our family."—JOHN M. MCCLELLAN, Everett, Mass., June 25th, 1896.

The files of the J. C. Ayer Co. have been accumulating testimony for nearly 60 years, to the value of the medicines prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer. As a matter of curiosity we publish one of the earlier testimonials, received from Chicago, almost 40 years ago.

"I should be wanting in common gratitude if I did not acknowledge to you what your skill, or more accurately, what your **Extract of Sarsaparilla** has done for my wife. She has been for some years afflicted with a humor, which comes out upon her skin in the autumn and winter with such insufferable itching as to render life almost intolerable. It has never failed to come upon her in cold weather, nor has any remedial aid been able to hasten its departure before spring, or to at all alleviate her sufferings from it. This season it begun in October with its usual violence. By the advice of our celebrated surgeon, Dr. Kimball, I gave her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week it had brought the humor out upon her skin worse than we had ever seen it before; but it soon began to disappear. The itching has ceased and the humor is now entirely gone, so that she is completely cured, but still continues taking the sarsaparilla, to insure a complete expulsion of the disease from the system."—BENJ. CARTER, Chicago, Nov. 12th, 1859.

As a spring medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal. It purges the blood of the humors consequent on the heavy feeding of the winter, and tones up the system for the labors of the coming seasons. Many a sickness has been prevented by the seasonable use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in our family for several years. I had been troubled with dyspepsia for some years, and had tried a number of remedies with varying results. But none of them cured me, although some of them gave me relief. Then I tried **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, and the distress from dyspepsia ceased. I still continue taking the sarsaparilla just to keep me in condition. Our family uses it for a spring medicine."—STEPHEN J. WHALEN, foreman of the Atlantic Works, East Boston, Mass., July 3d, 1896.

The tonic properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla distinguish it from all spurious sarsaparillas. The exclusive use of the rare variety of sarsaparilla plant imported from Honduras, C. A., by the J. C. Ayer Co., is doubtless one important factor in the prompt and permanent cures effected by their preparation of sarsaparilla.

"All my life I have been in the business of handling cloth. Before the firm of Kelly Brothers was established I was buyer for some of the largest concerns in the country, constantly examining imported and domestic suitings. This brought about great strain upon the eyes, the nerves, and in fact the entire system. A number of years ago I commenced to run down, and all the medicine I could take didn't seem to help me. A friend advised me to try **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, saying that it had 'toned him up' when everything else failed. I did so, and at the second bottle commenced to feel like myself again. I still continue at my tasks here, being constantly on the lookout for flaws of all kinds in the cloths we import and the garments we send out. That my eyes and nerves—in fact my general health—do not give out under this pressure of business duties I can only ascribe to the frequent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It keeps my entire system in good order, and I feel like work at all times. I don't think I was ever better in my life than I am just now, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the causes of this."—P. L. KELLY, 142 and 144 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa., March 9th, 1896.

[Mr. Kelly is the senior member of the firm of Kelly Bros., 142 and 144 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, and for fifteen years has had the general oversight of the business with its eighty employes.]

In the diploma awarded Ayer's Sarsaparilla it is referred to as "a standard and popular pharmaceutical preparation of world-wide repute." The fact that it is a "standard pharmaceutical preparation" has always gained it the friendship of the medical profession, the members of which prescribe and use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"About a year ago I discovered that the constant care and attention I had given to the exacting details of my profession had at last told on my physique of which I had been so proud, as I was naturally a very strong and vigorous man; I found that I had run down completely. This working late at the office, together with the want of sleep, had resulted in an attack upon my constitution that I was not able to withstand. My blood became very poor, my stomach lost its vitality, and there were occasions that I became so despondent that I certainly felt like a wreck. Of course I consulted a physician and earnestly tried to follow his advice. But I gained no relief. Somehow or other my attention was directed toward **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**. I argued that it certainly could do me no harm and it might do me a great deal of good. The experiment was worth the trying. I can truly say that after I had taken a full bottle I was once more feeling a little like my old self. I then bought six bottles, and before I had used them all my strength had returned to me, I had recovered my former power and I was feeling altogether like a new man. My blood was better than ever, my stomach failed to bother me in the least, and I found I could perform my professional labors with the same vigor, spirit and accuracy of touch that had marked my labors previous to my illness. I now take Ayer's Sarsaparilla whenever I feel that I need a little 'toning' up."—DR. CHAS. H. LORRENCE, D. D. S., 1017 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., March 5th, 1896.

Many diseases treated locally without affording relief, are eradicated, when the blood is purified by a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The general testimony at the end of the treatment is—"I am entirely cured."

"I was afflicted with catarrh for a number of years, and, after spending a great deal of money, without other than temporary relief, with the best specialists, a good friend advised me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and after taking it steadily for a few weeks—I only took three bottles in all—I am entirely cured, and am to-day as healthy a young man as there is in the city. Before I began with Ayers Sarsaparilla I was in a fearful condition. My hearing was almost entirely destroyed and I had a constant buzzing in my ears. I could hardly taste or smell anything, and my breath was very offensive. I was very emaciated and all of my friends thought I had a case of rapid consumption. In less than two months after I commenced taking the sarsaparilla I had gained sixteen pounds in weight, and it was all good, healthy tissue. Now that my dyspepsia is cured, I am hungry all the time and enjoy my meals as I have not done before for years."—M. J. L. TURNER, 1915 North Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo., March 4th, 1896.

The blood is the life of millionaire and tramp alike. Diseases of the blood are cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla as effectively in the case of the rich as of the poor. The universal testimony of all classes who once use it is—"I heartily recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla with markedly beneficial results. when I began using it I was very much out of health, and had lost a good deal in weight. My blood was in an unhealthful condition, which was made manifest in several unpleasant ways. Soon after commencing the use of the sarsaparilla I began to improve, my weight increased, and before very long my health was completely restored. I heartily recommend **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**"—COL. JAS. H. CARMICHAEL, of the staff of the Governor of Massachusetts, Feb. 23d, 1896.

"Last year I was stricken with erysipelas and had hardly gotten over it before I was again stricken a second time. Then I commenced to use **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, and it benefited me wonderfully. I used three bottles, and I had no recurrence of the trouble."—Mrs. E. R. CROWTHER, 45 Austin St., Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 9th, 1896.

It speaks volumes for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, that it is held in the highest esteem by those who are in the best position to know how it is prepared. The Mayor of Lowell stands as spokesman for the citizens at large, when he says: "I have great faith in the healing virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

"I have great faith in the healing virtues of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, because it has helped me. The medicine cured me of indigestion, which had troubled me seriously for several years. Since I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla my appetite has improved, I have slept better and in fact my health in general has been greatly benefited."—WILLIAM F. COURTNEY, Mayor of Lowell, Mass., Oct. 31st, 1896.

Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured, 100 pages, sixteen half-tone portraits, royal Holland covers, is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer, Co., Lowell, Mass.

TOLD OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Guizot, in a letter to one of his children, tells how on his first visit to Windsor he lost his way, opened a wrong door and beheld for a moment a lady having her hair brushed. The next day the queen (for it was she) joked him about it, and he says: "I ended by asking her leave, if ever I wrote my memoirs, like Sully or Simon, to mention how, at midnight, I opened the door of the queen of England. She laughingly gave me the desired permission."

Mrs. Fields, in her recently published book, gives an amusing anecdote of the effect of Dickens' readings upon Emerson. "He had many reservations with regard to Dickens. He could not easily forgive any one who made him laugh immoderately. The first reading of 'Dr. Marigold' in Boston was an exciting occasion and Emerson was invited to 'assist.' After the reading he sat talking until a very late hour, for he was taken by surprise at the novelty and artistic perfection of the performance. His usual calm had quite broken down under it, he had laughed as if he might crumble to pieces, his face wearing an expression of absolute pain; indeed, the scene was so strange that it was mirth-provoking to those who were near. But when we returned home he questioned and pondered much upon Dickens himself. Finally he said: 'I am afraid he has too much talent for his genius. You see him quite wrong evidently, and would persuade me that he is a genial creature, full of sweetness and amenities and superior to his talents; but I fear he is harnessed to them. He is too consummate an artist to have a thread of nature left. He daunts me. I have not the key.'"

Emerson himself proved trying to some people and Carlyle is said to have been terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his transatlantic friend, though sincerely attached to him. "I thought," said the Scotch philosopher, "that I would try to cure him, so I took him to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him, saying, 'And now, man, dye believe in the devil noo?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily.' Then, continued the sage, 'I took him down to the house o' commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him 'an chield geting up after another and leeing and leeing.' Then I turned to him and said, 'And noo, man, dye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair."

TO MY LEFT HAND.

I envy you your life of rest. You live in luxury.
You e'er enjoy the very best the Fates reserve for me.
You've never worked in all your life; you've never known a care;
You've always lived apart from strife—existence sweet and rare.

My right has e'er my writing done, while you have stood aside.
You've had your full share of the fun, and you in peace abide.
You've never penned a line for me, nor ever struck a blow;
And it is very plain to see you've never known a woe.

And yet, dear friend, I cannot say the time will ever be
That there will be the dawn of day when you're not dear to me.
My right hand is more useful, yes, but prithee do not pout.
You are a friend, I must confess, I cannot do without.

So here's to you, my left hand; may you ever live in peace;
And may the joys that round you stand for evermore increase!
Let others sneer because your days are passed in luxury,
And ever placed in happy ways, you're mighty dear to me!

—From the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for March.

Received the only Medal for Sarsaparilla at World's Fair, 1893.

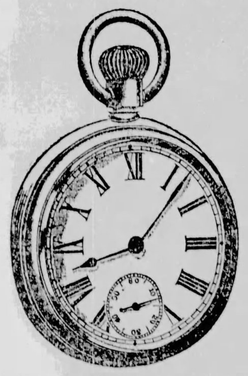
Publishers' Column.

A WATCH FOR EVERYBODY!

A Premium Watch That Breaks the Record—Read Carefully This Offer.

Think of a stem-wind and stem-set watch, guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, that will not cost a cent!

We have secured for our friends one of the most serviceable watches ever made, which is a stem-winder and stem-setter, having all the modern appliances known to watchmakers' art. The case is solid nickel. It is made on the celebrated thin-model plan. Remember,



this is not a small clock, commonly called a watch by unscrupulous advertisers, but a highly jeweled nickel movement, made by one of the most celebrated watch manufacturers in America. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost $20, if it could have been produced, but the fact is it comes within the means of the humblest of us at this time. Each watch has been thoroughly adjusted, and will be sent in perfect running order.

How to Get It.

We will send this watch by mail to any person who will send us a club of only three $1 yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade; or we will mail it to you postage prepaid for only $2.

It will be seen, therefore, by the above that no one need be without a watch equal for keeping time to any in the neighborhood a single day longer. It will not take long to get up a club of only three subscribers for the best family newspaper in the United States. Try it and see how easy it is. Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 25 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER PICTURES.

We have just arranged with a large picture publishing house for a limited number of very handsome flower pictures. They are on very heavy paper, 10½x20 inches, and cannot be purchased at any art store for less than $1. These pictures are from the palatiaga of prominent artists, the work executed by one of the best picture publishing houses in the country, and the coloring is exquisite. When framed and hung on the wall they cannot be distinguished from genuine water color paintings. They must be seen to be appreciated.

We are always seeking for something to please our subscribers, and we believe in these pictures we have secured something that will delight the heart of every lady reader of The Blade.

The subjects are:
No. 1—Roses and Lilacs.
No. 2—American Beauties and Lilacs.
No. 3—Roses and Violets.
No. 4—American Beauties.

We have only a few copies of No. 4. It is a beauty, and if you want it, order quickly.

Our price, 50 cents each, or $5 cents per pair.

Or, if you will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, we will send you any TWO flower pictures FREE.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
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We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
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Battle near Orleans.
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Order by name of battle. Give plainly postoffice address for picture as well as The Blade. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, will not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
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These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

The original edition of this is sold at $30 per set. A reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition, with additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type, comprises THIRTY SMALL, compact volumes in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

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Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

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MOTHERHOOD.

Good-by, little boy, good-by,
I never had thought of this,
That some day I'd vainly sigh
For the baby I used to kiss.
That into his corner a man would grow.
And I should not miss him nor see him go,
Till all of a sudden the scales would fall,
And one be revealed to me straight and tall.
Then I should be startled and sadly cry:
"Good-by, little boy, good-by!"

Good-by, little boy, good-by,
You are going despite my fears.
You can not, and neither can I,
Successfully cope with the years.
They fit for the burden that all must bear,
And then, at their pleasure, they place it there.
I love you, too, but my heart is sore
For the child who has gone to return no more.
And deep in my bosom I sadly cry:
"Good-by, little boy, good-by!"
—Isabel Richey in Omaha World-Herald.

THE BACHELOR'S RETORT.

The Widow's Efforts to Capture Him Went for Naught.

Mrs. Wouldwed didn't consider herself a designing widow, but Mr. Singleman, the wealthy bachelor, who endured her boarding-house because he was too lazy to seek other quarters, could have sworn from experience that his landlady knew more than a little bit about the achitecture of the affections.

It was therefore not at all surprising that he sympathized sincerely with Mr. Pickwick and studiously avoided any reference to subjects which might possibly lead up to a matrimonial entanglement with a wily widow.

"Mr. Singleman," said Mrs. Wouldwed at the breakfast table, "isn't it singular that in India it costs more to get married than to die?"

Mr. Singleman shuddered and was about to remark that death, even if cheaper, was preferable to matrimony, when an inspiration seized him. He said, with a cheerful look that spoke volumes:

"They always burn widows in India, I believe?"

"Why, yes; I think so," faltered Mrs. Wouldwed, nervously clutching the tablecloth.

"Well," said Mr. Singleton, rising, "if that were the custom in this country, then, instead of having to earn your living, madam, you'd be living in an urn. Good morning."—New York Evening World.

SAID ABOUT FRIENDSHIP.

What is a friend? One who supports you and comforts you, while others do not. Friendship is the cordial drop, "to make the nauseous draught of life go down."—Boswell, Life of Johnson.

Friendship must be something else than a society for mutual improvement—indeed, it must only be that by the way and to some extent unconsciously.—Stevenson, Familiar Studies of Men and Books.

There is as yet no cuiture, no method of progress known to us, that is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.—Phillips Brooks, Sermons, vol. II., p. 54.

That friendship should be able to endure silence without suspicion is the surest touchstone of its sufficiency.—Lowell, Letter to Thomas Hughes (1871).

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily—men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.—Holmes, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends, for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and a very dangerous friend.—Chesterfield, Letter to His Son (1747).

When all things else are equal, prefer an old friend before a new. * * * An old friend is like old wine, which, when a man hath durnk, he doth not desire new, because he saith "the old is better." But every old friend was new once; and if he is worthy, keep the new one till he become old.—Jeremy Taylor, A Discourse of the Nature, Offices and Measures of Friendship, etc.

Candid.

Jack Dashings—"We must break the engagement."

Perdita—"Why?"

Jack Dashing—"I do not think your father can afford a son-in-law."—Truth.

An Old Antediluvian.

Teacher—Noah sailed forty days and forty nights.

Dick Hicks—And he did it all without a yachting cap.—Minneapolis Tribune.

THE TRAINING OF WIVES

Belgian authorities recognize the fact that one of the best qualifications for a wife is the ability to run a well-ordered home and have undertaken to supplement home training in housewifery by the establishment of classes in both the primary and secondary schools, where the whole system of housekeeping is taught, beginning with the smallest children and continuing till girls are graduated. An interesting account of the plans adopted is given in an English paper.

One of the largest of these classes is held in the basement of a Brussels house. One room is set apart for lecture purposes and in it talks are given on domestic economy, nursing, care of children and invalids and hygiene. Another room is furnished as a kitchen and the cooking utensils are precisely such as would be found in the cottage of any respectable workingman. On the walls are oldlooking pictures of joints of meat, with prices attached and notes stating whether it would be most economical to roast, boil, stew or fry in each case. Members of the class take turns in cooking the dinner every day. They are made to go through the form of purchasing all materials for the meal, which must not cost more than 40 cents and must be sufficient for six persons.

Both judgment and economical management are required to feed six persons at a cost of 40 cents, but it is stated that the girls turn out very fair meals, each dish being well made, nicely seasoned and cooked to perfection. The girls go through a regular course in the laundry as well as in the kitchen and order everywhere is especially insisted upon. Two hours a week are given to instruction in making dresses, darning stockings and all kinds of needlework. Lessons on how to take care of children are also given and real live babies are brought in, undressed, bathed and dressed again by the pupils. They are taught in other classes how to bind up wounds, dress burns and treat the simple kinds of ailments. In the evening there are special classes for the benefit of young girls who work in mills and factories or are otherwise employed during the day. The result of all this is said to be that when a Brussels girl marries she is more likely to be a success as a wife than any other female in Europe.

FUIT AND FLOWERS.

It will be an unpleasant surprise to most people to learn that oranges are getting to be like apples, infested with insects. The orange worm has not only been discovered but named by the entomologists. So far it has not been found in any oranges grown in the United States, with the exception of some which came from New Mexico, but in oranges from Mexico proper it is said to be quite common.

The oleander as we know is the rhododendron of the ancients. It was used by them for funeral ceremonies, and especially for the funerals of women.

Western New York and Eastern Canada have a new and powerful rival in the apple-raising industry in Missouri, which begins to yield extremely bountiful returns. Representative Bland is said to have planted 70 acres of one kind of apple in the Ozark region.

English people have left off regarding tomatoes as curiosities and precious articles to be sparingly used in the manufacture of sauces and have begun to grow them in large quantities and to use them more as they are used in this country. The plants are raised very successfully in large pots, by which means they produce more abundantly than when grown in beaches, as with us.

At the Photographer's.

A friend of mine took her 4-year-old girl to a photographer. The child couldn't be made to sit still. He (the operator) was at his wits' end, and he worked every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler keep still. Finally, he said to the despairing mother:

"Madam, if you will leave the little dear alone with me a few minutes I think I can succeed."

The mother had scarcely withdrawn when she was summoned back by the triumphant photographer, who exhibited a satisfactory negative.

When they reached home the mother asked: "Nellie, what did the man say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"He said," lisped Nellie, "shit thill, you little ratheall or I'll thake you."—Boston Post.

Transparent

Teacher—"We call a thing transparent when we can see through it. Who can name such a thing?"

Peter—"A ladder."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Young men or old should not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 2.

A BALLADE OF PARTED LIVES.

Princess, a song above the tides,
Above the wintry winds that blow,
Above the wave that quickly glides
And dashes madly to and fro;
Sing me of other days to know,
Of souls that in a garden reap
Their wage of duty done below;
Loose thou these memories in sleep.

Tell me what dark, eternal Ides
Across that space their shadows throw,
Clouding the happy light that rides
Unto these lands of pain and woe;
Brother and sister gone, forego
Fairy hilltops and valleys deep;
Come, or if this be never so,
Loose ye these memories in sleep.

Ah, well! A splendid city hides
The little boy of long ago;
Beneath a village church wall bides
A slender mound above the snow;
And thus the fleet years come and go.
Poor hands of mine that cannot keep
Backward the waters' ebb and flow;
Loose ye these memories in sleep.

ENVOI.

Princess, for all the world besides
Guard yet the vines that softly creep
Over dead Childhood's loves and brides;
Loose ye these memories in sleep.
—John James Meehan in the New York Sun.

LEATHER REMNANTS.

A Material of Which No Part Is Permitted to Go to Waste.

Leather remnants are a regular article of trade, says the New York Sun. In manufactures of leather there are remnants, just as there are remnants in the manufacture of cloth, of tin, of wood, and very many other materials. There are wholesalers who deal in leather remnants exclusively, who will buy any leather remnants whatever, and who find a sure sale for everything they buy. For many purposes the remnants are as good as pieces cut from whole sides would be, and they cost very much less.

A manufacturer of fine shoes, who buys whole skins, cuts out the best and uses that only and sells the rest as remnants. The remnants are sold to manufacturers who make a cheaper grade of shoes; the shoes made from such remnants may be better and cheaper than shoes made from cheap whole stock.

Harness makers and saddlers who buy whole skins have more or less remnants, little pieces, and odds and ends that they have no use for, but which may be made useful for one purpose and another. From any whole stock there are remnants, and the remnants are all good for something; remnants of belting, for instance, are sold to make boot heels of, and insoles.

The smallest remnants of some kinds of leather are used for the filling of balls; leather remnants are used for making suspender tips, for leather trimmings, for legging straps, for the making of cheap pocketbooks, and for covering eyeglass and spectacle cases, and various kinds of fancy goods; for bookbinding, for making children's shoes; for the straps used on hobby horses; for leather buttons and washers; for corner on books. Remnants of French calf are used for fine cobbling; and remnants generally are sold for a very great variety of purposes.

There are half a dozen or more wholesale dealers in leather remnants in this city; there are said to be a larger number in Boston. While the wholesale dealer in remnants will buy remnants of any kind there are still smaller scraps of leather, called chips, which he does not buy; the chips and the sweepings are sold to chemical manufacturers and burned to make soda. No part of the leather is permitted to go to waste.

With the enormous consumption of leather in this country the quantity of remnants here is large. Remnants are produced in England just as they are here, but not in quantity sufficient to supply the demand there. Many tons of American leather remnants are exported to England, where they are sold for the same uses to which they are put here.

THE MODERN MANIA.

One of the Cranks.

Prison Librarian—What sort of book would you like to have?

Convict—Got any bicycle catalogues?—Puck.

A Genius.

"Innsprock is a versatile sort of a chap."

"Oh, yes; he can ride any make of wheel on the market."—Philadelphia North American.

But the Stakes Were Big.

Booth—They say Vilvers had to propose to her five times before she finally accepted him.

Drouet—Um! She gave him a good run for her money.—Philadelphia North American.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Something more than curiosity is being directed toward the novel invention brought forward a short time since by Wilhelm Pilz, of Johannesberg, near Gablonz, the center of the Bohemian glass industry, who has made type material a subject of much study and experiment. His plan is, as described, to make the body of type of hard rubber or celluloid, which, when locked in the frame, will resist the pressure without difficulty, and to place glass-topped letters—glass being the real face of the type—upon the rubber body, cementing them solidly by the use of cement. In order to prevent any disadvantage arising from the pressure, the face of the type is somewhat smaller than the transverse section of the body, and in its way the touching of the face of the type in the form is prevented. Of course, the peculiar merit of using glass for this purpose is, as claimed, that it will keep its sharpness for a much longer time, not being subject to the wear that metal is.

The changes which have taken place in the operative economy of manufacturing plants are notably conspicuous in the matter of fuel. Formerly, anthracite coal was used universally for steam purposes, but now the bituminous is used in all large mills, with very few exceptions. Then, again, the improved methods of handling coal present quite as marked a change, particularly in the reduction of cost, some of the latter having been at the mine, but most of it in freights and handling. Some fifteen years ago vessels ranged from 400 to 800 tons burden, 1,000 tons being an extreme size, and loading was uncertain; at the present time craft average fully 2,000 tons, schooners run as high as 3,000 tons, and barges between 4,000 and 5,000.

The methods pursued by Glatz and Lugo for so successfully extracting glycerine and soda from soap lyes is described in the Electrical Review. The soap lye which is left in the manufacture of soap represents, of course, a waste product, and the process in question enables glycerine and caustic soda to be recovered from this soap lye by means of electrolysis. The anode is a plate of zinc or carbon in contact with the liquor under treatment, the cathode is in a porous pot; the current decomposes the caustic soda, forming sodium hydrate at the cathode—the glycerine is set free, while the albuminoid and coloring matters are rendered insoluble and are easily removed by filteration. After this treatment the insoluble matter is separated out and the liquid is distilled, forming a perfectly pure clear glycerine, the caustic soda being also practically pure and usable by the soapmaker.

NO ESCAPE FOR FAVORITES.

When Your Knockout Comes Take It Philosophically.

If you are a favorite, remember that you will be knocked out. No favorite escapes, says the Atchison Globe.

A few weeks ago the papers were full of one W. J. Bryan. Thousands of people crowded around him, and led him to believe that he was the saviour of the people. Who hears of him now?

Jim Corbett called the referee of the Carson fight into his dressing room on March 17, and said he had a thousand friends around the ring who would not submit to his defeat. But when Corbett was knocked out in the fourteenth round, his thousand friends yelled for Fitzsimmons.

People hate you if you are a failure; they hate you more cordially if you are a success. And if you are a favorite, nothing will please them more than to see you knocked out.

When the time comes for your knock out blow, take it philosophically. Don't cry as Corbett did. A knockout blow is due you, and it cannot be avoided, if you are good for anything.

WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time—
I know what I shall do;
I'll read them through of all my books,
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time.
—Vogue.

Sons and fathers, read Thos. Slater's offer on page 2.

YEARS AFTER.

I know the years have rolled across thy grave
Till it has grown a spot of level grass—
All summer does its green luxuriance wave
In silken shimmer on thy breast, alas!
And all the winter it is lost to sight
Beneath a winding-sheet of chilly white.

I know the precious name I loved so much
Is heard no more the haunts of men among;
The tree thou plantedst has outgrown thy touch,
And since to alien ears its murmuring song;
The lattice-rose forgets thy tendance sweet,
The air thy laughter, and the sod thy feet.

Through the dear wood where grew thy violets
Lies the worn track of travel, toil and trade;
And steam's imprisoned demon fumes and frets,
With shrieks that scare the wild bird from the shade.
Mill's vex the lazy stream, and on its shore
The timid harebell swings its chimes no more.

But yet—even yet—if I, grown changed and old,
Should lift my eyes at opening of the door,
And see again thy fair head's waving gold,
And meet thy dear eyes' tender smile once more,
These years of parting like a breath would seem,
And I should say, "I knew it was a dream."
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

BACHELOR BUTTONS.

A Few Samples Sewed on Humanity's Coat by a Lone Male.

A man never knows what he can do till he doesn't get the chance.

Somebow the wittiest girl isn't the one a man picks out to marry, says the New York Press.

Some women won't be happy in heaven because they can't go to church.

A man never knows surely that he is in love till he thinks that she isn't.

The most honest man in the world will lie about what he pays for his cigars.

When a woman is said to be a good housekeeper it is meant that she has a place for everything except her husband.

They are called intelligence bureaus because a man never has any when he gets through with one.

As soon as a man shows that he knows much about women a girl begins to think he has a past.

Some well-meaning people go through life as badly misunderstood as a crosseyed girl under the mistletoe.

A girl is known by the company she doesn't keep.

It is curious that a thing which will lose a man a woman's friendship won't lose him her love.

When a girl makes up her mind that she wants a man she begins to pretend to be interested in his work.

One of the main advantages of going to college is that you can go on a bat and have it called an escapade.

After a girl has been married six months she's a good deal more likely to talk about the weather than about communion of souls.

REFORMING THE CALENDAR.

The Pope to Act—Greek Church to Adopt Gregorian Calendar.

Prof. Foerster, director of the Berlin Observatory, declares that after interviews with the astronomers of the Vatican Observatory there are good prospects that the Pope will take the initiative in the reformation of the calendar and the confinement of the variations of the date of Easter, so that the Greek church will adopt in 1900 the Gregorian calendar and abandon the old calendar, the difference of the date of which in 1900 increases from 12 to 13 days.

Easter will be fixed on the third Sunday after the spring equinox, the date fluctuating only between the 4th and 11th of April.—Berlin cable to the New York Journal.

Pay of German Army Officers.

It is fortunate for them that the majority of the officers of the German army have an income outside of their salary, otherwise it would be difficult for them to maintain a position on their salary from the empire. German officers' salaries are very low compared with the salaries paid in the United States army. Recently the German officers' pay was increased. First lieutenants will receive $450 a year, instead of $313; captains, $683, instead of $600; majors, $1,500 instead of $1,350; and colonels, $2,100 instead of $1,950.—New York World.

Confusion of Methods.

"There are times in which a girl positively does not know what to do."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, here's an old bachelor gone and left a fortune to a woman because she had refused to marry him."—Detroit Free Press.

YOUNG JACKETS.

Aesthetic Young Women Wear Them in White Taffeta and Cloth.

They call an Oriental jacket one that hangs straight without regard to the figure. It may be made of any material. And any bolero pattern will furnish the size.

Young women afflicted with too much slenderness have a way of wearing a figured

AN ORIENTAL JACKET.

waist of China silk shirred full around the figure. Over it they wear an Oriental jacket. This makes a really pretty house costume. The jacket is made of white silk, ordinarily, sometimes braided, oftener plain. India silks come cheap in white, and as the jacket washes like a necktie, it is after all an economical bit of wearing apparel. It has the great merit of covering up a waist in the very places where it becomes worn out soonest.

The Veteran.

"Yes" said the sprightly old lady, "I remember Edwin Forrest when he was a mere boy. As for Charlotte Cushman she was like a younger sister to me."

The young reporter scented a two-column reminiscence for the Sunday Supplement.

"Are you visiting in town, ma'am?" he asked in the breakfast room.

The dear old lady laughed merrily.

"Visiting in town!" she chuckled. "that's pretty good. Why, I'm the sobbrette of the Fizzbang company and don't you forget to come up and see my new dance to-night, Charlie."

Then, pirouetting on her left bunch of toes, she cast an arch glance over her right shoulder blade, and practically trotted up the street.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

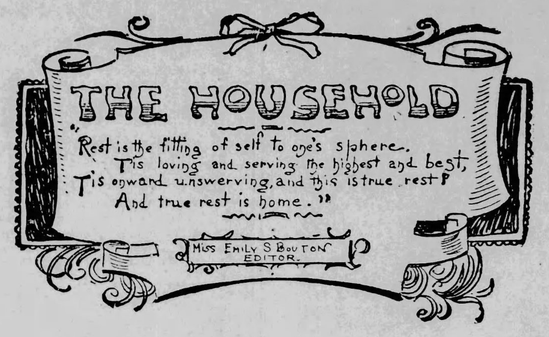
Comforted.

"See dat place?" said Meandering Mike, indicating the treasury building.

"Course I see it," replied Plodding Pete.

"Well, dere's so much money inside dat if it was give yer ye'd hev ter take ye days ter move it away in a wheelbarrow."

"M



EASTER BELLS.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

Chime, solemn bells of Easter!
The shadows flee away,
And all the earth is smiling
In the glory of the day.

Ring, tender bells of Easter!
Beyond our toil and tears,
There wait for all the faithful
Heaven's long and happy years.

Break, joyous bells of Easter!
From far across the sea
Bring us the endless music
Of immortality.

Triumphant bells of Easter!
Again by angels rung,
Speak comfort to the sorrowing
Of every land and tongue.

—From Easter Bells.

OUR COZY CORNER.

SPRING HAS COME AND WITH IT FICKLE WEATHER.

But With It Too Are Singing Birds and Brightly Blooming Flowers.

EASTER.

The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter buds are springing.
And Easter larks are singing.
The Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The Lord is Risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.

Leave thy cares beneath, leave thy worldly love,
Begin the better life with God above.
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast sins' fetters off, in God's eternal spring.

I think we never so fully appreciate "the beauty of the lilies," as at Easter time. They are so perfect then, so full of fragrance and seem so entirely the emblems of purity that we cannot think of anything else that will so adequately express our idea of the new and the pure life of which we are led especially to think of at the Easter season, and for this reason the Bermuda, or Easter lily, is used in great profusion for church decoration at this time.

It is not very many years since the time when any especial observance of Easter day was confined to the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, but now in every denomination the worshipers observe it as a day of glad rejoicing for the unspeakable gift of the Risen Savior and the knowledge of the way that leads to life everlasting.

The churches are filled with fragrant flowers, glorious anthems are sung and we are entreated by sermon and service to begin anew and endeavor to make ourselves better men and women, better citizens, and in all things to live the pure and blameless lives urged by the Risen Christ upon His followers.

While we are under the influence of the flowers and music and the persuasive voice of the preacher, it seems easy enough to do this, but after every elevation there comes a corresponding depression, and when we enter the valley of discouragement, when the flowers have faded and the music is silent, we find it a more serious undertaking than we had thought, to bring about these reforms, but we have then only to think that we are required to do but one thing, to live but one day at a time and that this is all we are held responsible for.

This will make it easier for us to live unselfish lives, to put into each of these 'one days' some kind word or deed to help some one else, and so fulfil the law of Christ, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and we will find that we have no time for anxiety as to whether we shall be saved, or if we are doing all we can for our own salvation, and nine-tenths of our trouble comes from our selfishness and our determination to carry the work for the whole year on our minds all of the time, instead of taking it as it is sent to us, day by day.

Not what she could not do,
Not what she thought might be done,
Not what she would like to do,
Not what she would do if she had more time,
Not what somebody else thought she ought to do,
But "what she could."

That the Easter joy be not confined to those who can join in the public services, the flowers used for decoration are generally distributed among the hospitals and institutions for the poor and distressed, and to persons who, by reason of sickness or misfortune of any kind, are prevented from joining in the glad worship of the Lord, and the joy that these fragrant offerings give to the recipients is greatly enhanced by the personal visitation of those to whom this is no perfunctory service, but an expression of loving sympathy.

"The pure white lily lifts its cup,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looks up,
At happy Easter time."

"We'll hear the song of heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
O, may it shine on us alway,
At holy Easter time!"

Following Easter there is usually a great number of weddings and christenings, these happy occasions having been postponed through Lent, that they may be celebrated in the general joy that comes at this time.

Besides the various games in which eggs take a very prominent part, there are some amusing and ridiculous customs still kept up in some parts of Europe. In certain churches in Belgium at the beginning of the joyful anthem, the priests throw colored eggs at the choir boys who throw them back to him, all dancing to the music.

In some parts of England the custom of "lifting" is still observed. On Easter Monday the men "lift the women, and on Tuesday following the women "lift" the men. Two strong men, or women, join their hands across each others wrists and the person to be "lifted" sits upon this improvised chair and is lifted up and carried for several yards along the streets. At the end of the ceremony the person lifted is kissed by the lifters, or a forfeit is claimed.

Another superstition, one that is not confined to old times, is that at Easter one must wear something new:

"At Easter, let your clothes be new
Or else, be sure, you will it rue."

And it is confidently and confidentially stated to me by a wise woman, that if a young lady will wear upon her left leg, a yellow garter on Easter Sunday, that she will surely receive an offer of marriage before the year is out. To make this charm effectual, the garter must be placed upon the left leg, and as a surprise to the wearer, by some of her friends who are interested in her future welfare. We shall now look for a phenomenal sale of yellow garters in all dry goods stores.

We give to-day the continuation of the letter by "T.," which discusses some very important matters connected with the education of children:

"I know a mother whose six-year old boy was very unruly at his first school as he was at home. The climax was reached when he marched out of the room, locked teacher and scholars within, and threw the keys down the well. When the teacher complained the mother not only laughed at it, but repeatedly told it to others in the presence of her children. She considered the child too young for reproof.

Of course, but few members of Cozy Corner will approve of this, but will they disapprove of this talented mother reading to her children, in her inimitable way, Peck's Bad Boy and kindred literature? Will they disapprove of the witty father, gifted in story telling and mimicery, relating to them his own, and his chum's schoolboys and college experience, full of unruly conduct and schemes of outrage and even crime? These children are not left to their own ingenuity undirected. Their home is made attractive. Will they disapprove of my selecting for my scrapbook that piece of poetry which makes light of a mothers sorrow and disappointment and makes attractive the freedom of the street and corner store?

I know two children who are trained according to the theory of Miss Bouton. Their parents allow them no questionable associates or reading matter; no book or paper whose reputation the parents are unacquainted with enter their door. The stumbling-block in this model family I shall expose in a future letter if permitted.

From that indefinite region known as "out West," comes a letter from a "Mocking Bird" that seems to sing none but cheerful songs:

We live on a farm and usually employ from two to fifteen men, and mamma and I do the work. I really think that if it wasn't for our books, papers and my music our little flower garden and our gift—for such it surely is—for seeing the comical side of our lives, we would surely die from overwork and lonesomeness. But surely it is better at all times to see the "funny" side of our hard lines, and they seem to grow lighter. One can find among so many men coming and going like "Birds of passage" every variety of mankind to study.

This spring I start in our state normal for a term, and shall have to leave mamma alone, but it has been my one desire to obtain an education, and as McKinley is now our President I think the way will be clearer from now on, but I will "take the goods the gods have provided' and make the most of this term. My ambition is to become a lawyer, but I have to keep this in the family (The Blade included), as our minister laughs at me and so do others, but I shall try and whatever I am shall try to be a "good one" as Thackery told the little boy.

"He laughs best who laughs last," and the minister and other friends will doubtless live to see you a successful lawyer—possibly when the time comes when women are "eligible." We shall hear of Chief Justice "Mocking Bird," and it is a foregone conclusion that she will be a "good one."

From still farther West "Carnation" sends us a few encouraging words and a request:

Dear Cozy Corner Friends: I have often thought of writing to you and telling you how much I enjoy all your kind letters, and how much I profit by them. I turn to "Cozy Corner" the first thing Monday morning when I receive my paper, and see what good thing I can find to think over for the week.

Will G. E. O. please send directions how to use tannin and glycerine for bunions? I am greatly troubled with them.

We will be glad of the recipes offered by Carnation.

The editor of the Cozy Corner has received some excellent communications in regard to the Cuban question and also upon the situation in Crete. The writers are all on the right side and believe that the United States government should stand, as it always has, for the help of the oppressed. While the editors of all departments of The Blade may agree fully in these sentiments, we can not enter into any lengthy discussion of such matters in the Cozy Corner, for reasons that are obvious to every one who will stop a moment to think about it, and the friends who have written these and kindred topics will please understand that it is for these reasons that their articles have not been published, and not for any lack of merit of the articles, or of sympathy on the part of the writer.

"Fear proffers all her store to those who fret."

Will Jennie Page who made inquiries about weaving silk rags, please send her address to the editor of the Cozy Corner?

Birdie would like to have some one send the poem entitled The Night Wind, one of Eugene Field's compositions, and can any one send the date of The Blade containing "Advice to Girls," signed Birdie, and published some time in November? She would also like a recipe for baking beans with tomato sauce.

S. E. S. asks for the address of any firm from whom she can obtain moulds for crochet work, and what preparation is used in mixing paints used for decorating articles made from wash goods, such as muslin or silk.

Housekeeper gives the following in answer to inquiries in Blade of March 18:

To remove ink stains from a carpet, wash carefully with milk after all that is possible has been soaked up with a soft cloth or blotting paper; then sprinkle thickly with common salt; let lie a short time brush off and wash spot with warm soap-suds and a clean brush.

For grease spots cover with powdered magnesia, fullers' earth, or buckwheat flour. Let it lie several hours, till the grease is absorbed and then brush carefully off. This treatment, if the absorbent is renewed several times, is nearly always effective in removing the grease without injuring the carpet.

Soot from chimneys or stove pipes can be removed by sprinkling thickly with salt.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

"About these days," as the old almanac makers used to say, the mothers who read The Blade do not have so very much time to devote to fancy work, and are much more interested in fashions and material for the children's clothing than in embroidered table-sets, or even the "poker work" which seems to have such a fascination for some.

And, really, what of all that is termed fancy work is so pretty as the dainty white underwear or the pretty dresses and wraps that we can make for the little men and women?

Among the pretty things that little girls used to wear a long time ago were the white pin-a-fores, trimmed with tiny ruffles, lace or embroidery. How very sweet and enticing the little maids looked with these snowy aprons worn over the colored dress. For some years these useful (as well as ornamental) articles have been used only for home wear in the morning, and have been made in the Mother Hubbard style with a narrow yoke of embroidery, but I am very glad to hear from reliable authority that again these dainty creations, made of muslin and lace, will be worn by girls up to 9 or 10 years of age, as part of their "dressed up" costume and for school wear. They can be made as fine and expensive as you please, and can be called over-dresses if you prefer, but after all they are nothing more or less than a fin-de-siecle pin-a-fore.

Another old fashion that is to be revived this summer is the sun-bonnet, for use, not altogether for appearances, and we may once more see the sweet child-faces shaded from the sun by bonnets of linen, muslin, or percale. More mischief to the children's eyes than can be computed has been caused by the ugly fashion of wearing Tam O'Shanters and little close caps that were no protection from the sun and wind, and for a delicate, fine grained skin and a rose-leaf complexion there is nothing more helpful than the protection afforded by the old-fashioned sun-bonnet.

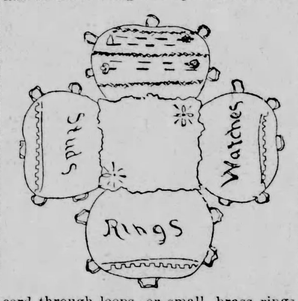
The comfortable blouse suits made of linen, crash or gingham will be the favorite for little girls' wear this season. These can be ornamented with braid or buttons sewed on in a pattern, though if the comfort of the children is to be considered the fewer buttons used the better. Blue or pink percales braided with flat, white braid are always pretty.

For cold, or rainy days there is nothing equal to storm serge suits. They may be made in the same style and trimmed with braid.

For the baby who is just walking, and she who has not yet reached the fourth mile-stone of her life there are dainty colors in cashmere that are more serviceable (and just as pretty) than the all white dresses worn by her whose mamma need not give a thought to the expense. These are made full, with a shirred, or smocked, yoke, finished with a frill of lace at the neck, and fall in soft folds to the feet, but are not so long as to impede locomotion.

The hem at the bottom of these gowns is run by hand, or feather stitched down so it can easily be let down as the young lady grows taller.

A convenient little case for holding jewelry and money when one is travelling is made as follows, the size, of course, depends upon the room you will need: Cut a piece of chamois like the illustration, line with silk, and bind the edges with narrow ribbon stitched on with the machine. Make little pockets for three sides, with the fullness at the top, hold by an elastic cord and run in a shirr. On the fourth side, place some leaves of flannel for holding stick pins, etc., run a



cord through loops, or small, brass rings fastened to the edges.

This is convenient to hold jewelry or money, where one is travelling and stops at strange hotels, as it can be slipped into a pocket in a night-dress and will be safe in case of fire or burglary.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

At the glad Easter time, the general feeling of joy and the desire to symbolize the ideas of the coming of spring, and of a season of rejoicing after the winter and Lenten fasting, is shown in the Cook's department as well as elsewhere in the house.

The Easter dinner table is decorated in green and white, and the menu is essentially indicative of spring time. The center piece may be either a low bowl filled with lillies, or a tall slender vase holding daffodils or crocus blossoms. At the corners of the table, and wherever they may be placed without giving it an "over dressed" look, hyacinths, violets and other spring blossoms should be placed, and happy is the hostess who can have for her table decorations at this feast, the fragrant and dainty blossoms of the anemone, the spring beauty, the trailing arbutus or the shy, wild violets that may be found, by careful searching, under the leaves of the forest trees, where, protected from the late snows and the cold winds of spring, they have had the courage to blossom, that we may know that the resurrection of all things beautiful has again come.

A beautiful table decoration for any season, and especially for an Easter dinner or luncheon, is what is termed the "flower ribbons." These consist of blossoms arranged in strips the width of ribbons, each strip of a different flower, all starting from the center of the table and ending in a bow knot of flowers, with ends at each place. In the center of the table is an oblong wire basket filled with moss and in this are all varieties of the flowers used in the decorations, standing in the moss, as if growing in the garden.

If satin ribbons are used, they should be of the palest shade of green, and with these the crocus is the most appropriate flower to use.

For an Easter dinner we give an appropriate menu. For breakfast and luncheon eggs cooked in every style are in order:

EASTER DINNER.

Oysters on the Half Shell,
Radishes, Cream of Celery Soup, Olives,
Baked Blue Fish, Mashed Potatoes, Peas, Asparagus,
Lettuce Salad, Wafers, French Dressing, Cheese,
Fancy Cakes, Strawberries,
Coffee.

How near must a person live to me to be my neighbor? Every person is near to you whom you can bless. He is the nearest to whom you can bless most.—William Ellery Channing.

Up the Mississippi.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

IV.

I have thus far said nothing of the flood, which is carrying devastation through the great valley of the Mississippi, because I desired to hold in my mind for the time, unshadowed, the pictures of the river as it was when we passed down between its banks, in those sunny days in February. Now it is a great inland sea, with a strong onward movement that carries with it desolation. As I have read of its progress from day to day, farther and farther southwards, the words of one of the pilots who knows the Father of Waters as he knows his alphabet, keep recurring to my mind:

"Some time in the near future New Orleans will be under water. If this new system of levees is not a success, nothing on earth can save her."

Then I fall to wondering whether this water-giant can be held under control, and what the final result will be, should he ever gain complete mastery. And I wonder again, why a city should ever have been planted in a plain like this, where sea, river and land are locked in such close embrace. While I am writing, word has come that the water has risen to the very edge of the bank that makes the basin in which New Orleans is held, and ere another 24 hours has passed desolation may reign in the beautiful city with its hundreds of thousands of people who, knowing the truth always, do not seem to know or to care. Human nature is a queer thing.

I want to say a few words here about the custom, the result of necessity, growing out of this nearness of land and water, of putting away the bodies of the dead in vaults above ground, because they can not bury them in the water-soaked earth. I knew that it was so, but the full meaning of it was not clear to me, until we chanced to witness the ceremony at the Campo Santo of St. Roque, when a body was elevated, instead of being lowered, to its last resting place. The great vault was built high enough for several tiers one above another, and it was to the top one that these remains were lifted in their casket, which was shoved in, and then, after the solemn burial words were uttered by the priest in attendance, the aperture was plastered over until only a smooth square of wet cement was visible to the eye.

Standing there in the shadow of this beautiful ivy-covered chapel, surrounded on all sides by these homely vaults, I could not help thinking how great would be the gain to the Crescent City from every point of view, could her people be brought to believe in the purifying process of cremation. As a sanitary measure none can deny its efficacy; as a matter of sentiment, the quick burning of the cast-off garment, dear only because of its past association with the loved, is, it seems to me, preferable to the slow rotting away in the vault or ground.

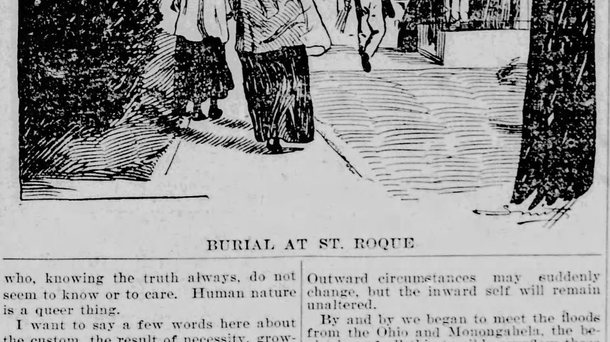
A curious place to visit is this cemetery of St. Roque, with its numerous shrines, before which the faithful pray for relief from suffering. After Clover had caught in the kodak the picture of the burying, we wandered into the chapel near at hand to see if, perchance, we might not feel something of the wonderful influence which is said to pervade the place, for here, the story runs, miracles are performed; the lame are made to walk, the blind to see, the deaf to hear. On one side of the altar was a collection of crutches left there by the halt whose faith had made them whole. They were of all sizes, from the child's to the full grown man's. One pair looked bright and new, and the attendant said they had been thrown away the Sunday before by a man who was crippled by accident, and

BURIAL AT ST. ROQUE

was that day healed. Upon the altar before the picture of the Christ, and hung upon the walls of the chapel, were numerous pieces of marble, square and heart-shaped, with the single word "Mercy" upon them. These were the thank offerings from those who had gone away rejoicing. Smile, as we may, no one could make the majority of the good Catholics of New Orleans believe that this is a fairy story, or a mere superstition.

I should like to linger longer in this quaint and interesting city, with its sharp contrasts of old and new; with its beautiful streets of magnificent homes and elegant grounds where the tropical palms attract the eye of the stranger, and the flowers bloom the year through; with its fine parks, containing magnificent groves of live oaks draped with moss, but this I may not do. And yet the thought of the Southern city with its cordial people will long remain in our memories.

Preparations were going rapidly forward for the coming Mardi Gras. Everywhere the Rex colors were displayed, and a suppressed air of excitement pervaded everything. The Comus parade, with its magnificent floats, is a great feature in these affairs. We learned that the artist who made the designs is a young woman, by name, Miss Jessee Wilde. Every year she is given the subjects, and then she wanders through the avenues and by-paths of history and mythology for her



CEMETERY ALLEY.

Outward circumstances may suddenly change, but the inward self will remain unaltered.

By and by we began to meet the floods from the Ohio and Monongahela, the beginning of all this terrible overflow these later days. Driftwood in quantities floated down and -malicious logs would get into the wheels, making a noise as they whirled around as if everything were going to pieces. Once we laid up for repairs, keeping the boat's carpenter busy for some hours. While hard at work he fell off into the water and emerged dripping like a mermaid, but announcing, as soon as he could speak, that he would bet the crowd five dollars that if they were drowned together, he could beat them all flying to their heavenly home. He did not exp'ain what use the winner could make of the money.

One morning early we had a new experience. We had arisen and were dressing when there came a rap at the door. We answered "well" with an inquiring inflection, expecting to be told that we were approaching some town, where, if we wished, we might go ashore. Instead of this, the rap was repeated. Pulling the door ajar a little, Clover asked: "What is it?"

"Get dressed as soon as possible," was the reply from the colored man who stood there, "the boat is on fire!"

Here was variety with a vengeance. For the next two or three minutes there was silence in that room, but there was an exceedingly rapid putting on of garments. We thought, but we spoke not. Clover declared afterwards that the burden of her meditation was how she should save some of the souvenirs she was carrying homeward. I remember considering whether I should put on my rubbers or not!

Just as we were ready to hasten forward, word came that the fire was out. Then Clover spoke for the first time. "Now," she said, "I know how you act under fire."

"And I, you!" I replied briskly. Later, we suffered a slight collapse.

A woman—it is so often a woman—a deck passenger, had allowed her umbrella to slip into a pile of gunny bags. Wanting it, she lighted a match and stuck it down into the place to see where it was. The burning match fell from her hands and almost instantly the inflammable things were in a blaze.

Afterwards we had many hearty laughs over the funny happenings. Those told by the fat man upon himself were the funniest of all. Scared almost to death, he lost his head, and after vain attempts made on his hands and knees to find the garments worn by day, he would have sallied forth, had he not been restrained, in a toilet consisting of a stove pipe hat and shoes! Ye gods and little fishes! He was over six feet tall and weighed 265 pounds!

Talking with Capt. Lightner afterwards about the perils of boat traveling, he said that the greatest one was fire, and that had been reduced to a minimum through careful foresight. The boat's crew is organized into a regular brigade, and as soon as the alarm is given, consisting of six strokes of the bell, or six whistles, every one springs to do the duty assigned to him. To the steward and his assistants belongs that of arousing the passengers. Pumps, and hose, and pails of water are everywhere within easy reach to be used, and the boat is instantly headed to the shore, never far away. In earlier times less care was taken and accidents were more frequent.

During this conversation with the captain, I asked him about the changes in steamboating since he began his business life upon the river, a young man, back in 1854. The greatest difference, he said, was in the number of boats and the passengers carried. Then there were no railroads and the travel was by river. Boats ran daily and frequently eight and ten would be met in a day. Three hundred people was not an unusual load, and often it was impossible to get a bed or even a chair.

Some of the finest boats ran between Louisville and New Orleans. They were elegantly equipped, but had less than half of the freight-carrying capacity of the Anchor Line boats of to-day, being

RESCUING FLOOD SUFFERERS.

devoted to passenger traffic. They are now handled by steam instead of by hand, this being the principal difference in the boats themselves. Irish laborers were once employed instead of negroes, but there are none now.

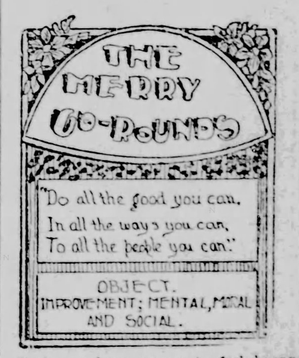
Not only are there fewer boats upon the Mississippi, but passenger traffic has almost ceased upon its tributaries. The railroads are more to be depended upon for the carriage of both people and freight. Upon the Missouri river where the boats used to run, there are none today, and I am afraid if the Father of Waters does not behave better, they will lessen in number there.

Capt. Lightner told me some interesting things concerning his experiences during the war. He was upon the federal transport that took Gen. Buckner and staff down the river after the fight at Fort Donaldson. The pilots upon the boats were compelled to be shut in by a half-circle of boiler iron six feet high, in order to protect them while on duty.

As we came northward we found the waters higher and higher. One cloudy, rainy afternoon a signal of distress was made from the shore and the boat turned to answer it. A family we found gathered upon the porch of a house, around which the water was washing. Driftwood had been striking the foundations all night, and the terror-stricken family had watched and waited for help. We took them off and carried them to the nearest town. I suppose this which seemed so terrible to us has been repeated hundreds of times during the last few weeks.

We were some days behind time, when, early one pleasant morning, the City of New Orleans threw its stage upon the wharf boat at St. Louis, and we gathered our belongings together for the last day's journey by rail homeward. It was with the most sincere regret that we parted from our fellow passengers, and said good-bye to the officers of the boat who, one and all, from the captain downward, had done so much to make our trip a pleasant one. And from first to last it was full of enjoyment. For the weary man or woman, I can think of nothing so restful, so delightful and withal involving so little expense.

There was but one drawback to me and this I have not mentioned, even to Clover. Indeed, I am not sure as it is best to tell her even now. She was the very prince of traveling companions, but—she had a kodak! What of that, do you ask? Well, at those times when the beauty of the scene had filled me with delight, and I longed to express it to a kindred spirit, or the humor of a situation moved me to laughter and I did not want to laugh alone, she was sure to be hunting a good position from which to shoot off that machine! The next time I travel with Clover, I, too, will take a kodak.



Truly we have reason to feel happy this April morning for we have with us Elaine, Southerner, Addie, Florence, Bonnie Burnie, Em T. Head and Sun Flower Kid, of our older contributors, besides several new applications for membership. All are very welcome, and it is most gratifying to Miss Prudence to learn that the absence of some of her girls and boys has not been caused by any lack of interest on their part in the M. G. R. column, and also to receive the very kind notes she has from other than members of this department, expressing their appreciation of the marked improvement in the letters here given, over those that have appeared in former years.

Suggestions have been received from two of our number for the entertainment and benefit of the M. G. R. I will give them as received and you can decide for yourselves whether or no it will be advisable to try them. And meantime, do not forget the most excellent suggestion made by Zack Stubbs in regard to the Merry Go Round Easter offering of love and helpfulness. The first of these suggestions is this:

I think it would be nice to have an entertainment and let each person have one vote on the most popular person that belongs to the M. G. R. Or do you think it would cause ill feeling?

The second being this:

In most all organizations yearly dues of some kind must be paid. Why not make it a condition of membership that yearly, or semi-yearly dues must be paid in the form of a paper of a certain number of words upon some subject, to be given by you, or chosen by the writer, at your discretion.

Opinions on the above ideas are now in order.

An "Ohio Farmer" who takes care of his mother since the death of his father; "Little Sue" from West Virginia; "B. C. Allen," "Hawkeye," "J. L. H.," "Augusta C." who forgot to bring her other name with her, "Edmund," "Heliotrope," "E. P. R.," "Cloris," an Indiana "School Girl," a "Little Pickle" who addressed his letter to Miss Prudence, Toledo, O., whereas he should have sent it to The Blade, Toledo, O., M. G. R. department, "Madie May," "Brown Eyes," "Ground Square" (whatever that may mean), and a friend from South Haven, who entirely forgot to sign his or her name, make up the list of newcomers this week. They all write nice letters, merely asking for permission to join our company and promising to do all they can to make it pleasanter.

Bitter Sweet, Pa., wishes Miss Prudence to have Missouri Boy's photograph in The Blade, that all may judge of his good looks. It wouldn't do, Bitter Sweet, to run any risk of causing jealousy or disappointment to any member. You had better be satisfied with Miss Prudence's verdict.

Independence, asks if our motto means that we should "do good to all to the extent of being friendly with drunkards and such people." What say you?

Flo, thinks, very wisely, that if the girls insist upon an ideal man for a husband, that they should make a great effort to be worthy of such a man, and that if the girls paid more attention to their responsibility in the matter, there would be more good men.

Cumtux, of Washington, asks a question of the M. G. R's., that shows that there are some peculiar people in the world. It is this:

A minister came to town to preach, and when requested to postpone his meetings on Saturday evenings, until the next day, as that was the regular literary night. His reply was: I've never given way to the devil, and never will." Members of the M. G. R., was the minister right or wrong?

After conscientiously explaining that she might some times forget, or even wilfully disregard our motto, though she promises not to do so, Truth Seeker submits the following:

I liked the discussion of the quotation from Holmes, in the paper of March 4th, very much and wish we might have something of the kind every week. Here are a couple of quotations, that I wish the M. G. R's., would give their opinion on.

One is from Longfellow's Resignation:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death."

and the other from Owen Meredith:

"There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead."

How many of the friends of the M. G. R., have thought or read much on what some term "the new thought," others the "Dual Existance of Man," and still another name for it is the "Phenomena of Spirit Comunnion." I think they all come under the same head.

The Blade has published in the last year, quite a number of articles that I think might come under this head; some from the pen of Lillian Whiting, and much from the pen of Emily S. Bouton, who, by this way, I think, must be a lovely woman.

Now if I have not introduced a forbidden subject, I would like to hear what the Merry-Go-Rounders have to say upon it, as I have studied it considerably for a few years past, and am very much interested in the subject.

In answer to several inquiries, Miss Prudence will say that it has been thought best to abolish the office of state presidents, not for any fault of theirs, but it has not worked as well as it was expected to, and all communications for this department will hereafter be sent, if you please, to The Blade, Toledo, O., M. G. R. Department.

KILDEE'S EASTER EGG.

WHAT THEY BROUGHT TO HER OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Miss Evangeline Accepts Dorcas Pompey Jefferson's Confession.

By E. S. L. Thompson.

"Wah fo' Do'cas you don' mak' such a wicked plan? Dat turk-bird is missus fine white hen turkey dat she sented off an' bought—yo' soul's blacker 'n your face, Do'cas Jefferson, an' yo'll go straight down to dat burnin' pit mammy don' tol' you' erbout! Killin' dat turkey an' hidin' it in de brush by the ole mill house! 'Fore now I've heard o' haints down by dar! Reed fo' shuch haints Do'cas Jefferson! De'd blue coats an' dead grey coats down by dah Chickamauga ribber. Sojers wid muskets to kill bad people with, an' to scah thefses until dey turn anoder color. Dat am a fac, Do'cas Pompey Jefferson! I's a knowin' it to be true dis long whil' I is! Yer me dis minnit whar dem aiggs are don' hid, an' I'll gib you Daddy's banjo an' dat gol' dollah of mine in de clock. I wants to put dem aiggs back in de nes' whar missus kin find 'em; I hates to hab her decelbed! An' say Do'cas, ef mammy let's yo' go to Chattanooga to de poultry show can't yo' get Mr. Burr to let yo' tak' Billy an' sell him to de meat shop, an' den go an' buy missus anoder white turkey hen?"

"Billy" was a pet pig. Kildee Ann had begged for him when it was said that he was so puny he had better be killed. He was a fine, hearty, lively pig now, dearly loved by the honest little colored girl. Kildee Ann had a crooked limb and a very black face. The sight of her infirmity fretted Aunt Rosamond, her mother.

"What fo' I name dat critt' Kildeen, any way? Mought a' knowed som'thin' or noder'd go wrong. I've larned one thing: ain't ever' man a doctah dat pretends to be! Dis t'ing ob settin' limbs an' heb'n 'em grow crooked, sho' now. I'se a bettah doctah dan dat mysel'f!

"Dat fine 'rino sheep o' Miss Vangeline's hab got two lambs; purty! Why, I 'spects dem's worth money! I's got to grease de harnes' now Kildee, an' you'd bettah go 'long to de house; yo' kno' how mammy is 'bout yo'r bein' out with lambs o' yourn."

"You am' said w'at yo's g'wine to do 'bout dem aiggs Do'cas yo' nebbah stol' befo' an' you sha'n't do it now! Ms' Vangeline's kind; she forgibs you of you'r awful bad pranks—yo'll tak de banjo an' de dollah, won't yo', Do'cas?"

Kildee had limped over to where her brother stood with a half-decided air in the feed room of the barn. When she left Dorcas he had promised to set things right. He would "tote" Billy to town the next day in Mr. Burr's wagon and buy, if possible, a turkey hen just like the one he had buried in the brush. Dorcas' conscience smote him when he thought that poor little Kildee was making all the sacrifice, and that his repentance was only a half way one, after all.

"I'm a no 'count, mizzable darkie, dat's jus' w'at I am! I deserves a trouncin' an' go' dat new suit missus promise me on May day it ought to be guv to 'Lisha Bobbs, he tried to keep me out dat mischief, w'at he did!"

In the midst of these reflections Ms' Vangeline waked into the feed room. For some time past she had talked of having her carriage made over and painted; she had been looking at it in the carriage-house and had overheard the conversation between Dorcas and his sister.

"You may hitch up and drive me over to Lang's Dorcas. I've sent Nick to hire Harley's carriage for two weeks while this is being repaired. To-morrow is Easter and business in the city to

Dorcas trembled! communicated with Was she going to town rested and put in mammy give him one of whippings which he ha member and for which Joe and Liza, his well on the next farm, would him again of course. Dorcas sweetmeats and roses conduct, but he had fou However, he assumed with Miss Evangeline. He had traded off to big Tom, Rossville, for a new jackknife mind. A brass ring with a blue set was the tribute he ceived from Tom for a fat Traps had been set in vain for old fox, supposed on the farm to author of all this mischief.

"W'at hoss'll you tak', Mis' line, Prince or Nancy? 'bout Nance—she's plum full lately! Can't depend on hosses at all! Fust t'ing yo' kno' —

"Hitch Nancy!" commanded Evangeline. With some effort strained herself from saying, that you cannot be depended ces.

She took the lines herself started to Langs. "We'll take road by the mill," she remarked "The white turkey hen has away; if we drive slowly we her."

"I doubts dat Mis' 'Vangeline! to Nick jus' de oder day dat's de ole bird on dis farm; yo' mought week an' not find her."

Up the road, coming towards peared 'Lisha Bobbs singing:

"De Gospil ship is sailing, sailing
Eberything is ready, de wind am strong,
De Gospil ship is sailing, sailing."

"W'at fo' he don com' dis way now?" Dorcas moved uneasily in his "Gwine to tell on me p'raps." breath came hard and fast.

"Yo' needn't get me dat suit com' May day," I broke out. Dorcas "Deed I can't hab no suit Mis' line, I can't no ways at all. De ole heb got hol' o' me an' I's got to be ished, I has! I tows Mis' 'Vangeline dar need'n be no mo' fox traps set on de farm. I t'ink, indeed I kno, dat de largest fox won't be heah no mo' 'bout ez good ez de'd, to vanish as certain de'd, Mis' 'Vangeline!"

Dorcas leaned over and touched her arm with a trembling hand. "I saw a black cat at de foot o' my bed in de dream las' night; a black cat with fire eyes," Dorcas voice sank to a whisper, "Hab yo' eveh t'ought dat fox might 'a come me? A berry black fox it were Ms' 'Vangeline, an' I 'is de fox! Seed my hand itches, my fingers itch an' my eyes always see in de dey no reason to see? Mammy kin whop me, yo' kin git me mo' wuk to do, an' I won't have new suit com' May day. "Deed is truly Mis' 'Vangeline I's sorry fo' de way I's don't!"

A wave of repentance seemed to have struck Dorcas at last.

"If you'll forgib me an' try no mo' an' not tell mammy or Liza an' de means to be hones an' tell de truth behaves myse'f from dis right forth—"

Miss Evangeline could not resist a smile.

"Dorcas," she said very gravely, "you have a remarkably good sister. I am going to forgive you and try you again for her sake. She is not to give you the banjo, nor the gold dollar, nor is she to sell "Billy" to pay the debt you owe me. If you have not sold the turkey eggs you can return them to-night.

"Dar hid in de cow shed lof' safe as soun'—I'll get 'em ez we go back, dars fifteen, de purtiest t'ings you ever see! De turk's de'd, but I min' me to get you another. My mock birds 'll sell for purneah 'nough to do dat!" Confession was made, Dorcas' spirits were rising. "Ho dee's a mighty nice gal, dat's a shore fac', Miss 'Vangeline! As ez I 'farms de blue'stain, it means to have dat lazy ob hers straightened. Ole Doc Johns he say de rheumatiz an' a weakness in de back, won't yo', Dorcas?"

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CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of THE BLADE.

NO. 7033—BOYS' COSTUME.

(Hints by May Manton.)

Our illustration portrays a stylish little costume particularly adapted to the needs of small boys ranging between the ages of two and six years. In the present instance the material selected was a bright-hued plaid

7033—Boys' Costume.

showing deep blue and ecru with lines of scarlet; the collar, belt and cuffs of satin-faced cloth in a rich shade of scarlet (a color, by the way, exceedingly popular for wee folks). The dress, which is equally adapted for in or outdoor wear, is simply fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams. A graduated box-plait is applied at both front and back and slip-stitched to position along its underfold, while on each side of the plaits a tuck is taken up thus giving the appearance of a double box-plait. The closing of the garment is effected invisibly at the left side beneath the box-plait. An attractive feature is the wide sailor collar of plain cloth showing a border of plaid. Straps are sewed to the under-arm seams, through which the belt is passed, finishing at centre-front with pointed end and closing with handsome metal buckle. The sleeves are gathered at the top and again at the wrists, where the fulness is confined by deep cuffs of plain material.

Flannel, cheviot, serge, cloth, checked and woolen goods are adapted to the mode, while for summer wear, pique, duck, linen, etc., will develop prettily when trimmed with embroidery.

To make this garment for a boy of four years will require two and three-eighths yards of forty-four-inch wide plaid, with one and one-eighth yards of plain material of same width goods for collar, cuffs and belt. The pattern, No. 7033, is cut in sizes for boys of two, four and six years.

NO. 7049—LADIES' BLAZER.

(Hints by May Manton.)

Tan Kersey was here used for this jaunty little top garment, the usefulness which is at once apparent. It is suitable for street wear at all times and is an excellent model for completing a traveling, shopping or cycling costume. The smart hat accompanying it is of ecru braided straw of alpine shape, trimmed in black; a stylish bow at the left side holding to position a handsome plumage of coque feathers. The fronts are deeply faced and reversed to form lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches. They are usually worn open, but can be closed at the bust, if so desired. The back fits smoothly, side-back and under-arm gores, with a curved centre seam securing a trim adjustment. Plaits are laid underneath, below the waist line in back to form a slight fulness. The stylish sleeves have upper and under portions, the fulness at the top being collected in gathers. The blazer can be made from one material in self-colored cloth or of suiting to match skirt. Pockets can be inserted in the fronts if desired, inside breast pockets being inserted in the front facings that reach to the under-arm and shoulder seams.

7049—Ladies' Blazer.

To make this blazer for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7049, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6676—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

(Hints by May Manton.)

Figured lappet (one of the newest materials in summer wash fabrics) is selected for this becoming waist that is neatly finished with machine stitching. The back and front yokes are made double, the under yoke being straight on its lower edge. The gathers are joined to the straight lower edge of under yoke or lining, and the pointed yoke is stitched down on its lower edge, thus insuring a neat and strong finish. The right-front is finished with a box-plait, stitched on, through which button-holes are worked for the studs or buttons used in closing. A narrow casing is applied at the waist line

6676—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

in back, through which tapes are drawn and tied over the fronts to adjust the fulness under the belt that encircles the waist. The turn-down collar is mounted on a high standing band, which can be joined to the shirt waist or made separately, as preferred, the neck being finished with a fitted band, to which it can be buttoned. The stylish sleeves bear the unmistakable stamp of this year's cut. They are gathered into the arm-hole, the very scant fulness at the lower edge being gathered into straight cuffs at the back are slashed openings, finished with under and over laps. Percale, dimity, lawn batiste, organdy and gingham in stripes, checks, figured and plain effects, will make up stylishly by the model.

To make this shirt-waist for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6676, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6754—LADIES' CAPE.

(Hints by May Manton.)

The new spring wraps are manifold in their varieties, accordion plating entering largely into their decoration. A stylish example is here shown comprising moire-velour, mousseline-de-soie and jetted passementerie. The garment has a lining of satin in a shade of vivid red with an interlining of light-weight crinoline. A round yoke that is deepest in centre-front is shaped by shoulder seams, and form the upper portion, the circular cape being joined to its lower edge falls around the form in rippling folds produced by its unique shaping. The lower edges of the yoke are outlined with a double row of plaited mousseline-de-soie in graduated widths (which may be purchased in the larger shops plaited and ready to sew on). The bottom of cape is also outlined with plaited mousseline headed with a band of jetted passementerie. At the neck mousseline again appears beneath a high flaring collar.

Silk, satin, peau-de-soie, etamine and grenadines make handsome capes trimmed in this style. Black and white lace combined form some of the dressiest capes, when there is usually a mixture of jet and sometimes a touch of color.

Black grenadine over petunia-colored satin, decorated with chiffon edged with black satin

6754—Ladies' Cape.

or velvet baby ribbon would be an exceedingly effective combination.

To make this cape for a lady in the medium size will require one and five-eighths yards of forty-four-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6754, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 7048—CHILD'S FROCK.

(Hints by May Manton.)

The new spring fashions for children are extremely pretty and picturesque, but there

7048—Child's Frock.

is frequently a demand for the practical as well. Our model shows a useful little frock of ecru linen crash with a wide cape collar of white, bordered with insertion that can be laundered with ease (a feature that recommends it).

The pattern provides for a short body lining fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams, the use of which is optional. In washable fabrics it may be omitted, but in woolen or silk materials the little body lining renders the adjustment more perfect. The straight skirt is deeply hemmed and has two bands of insertion above; it is gathered at the top, and hangs in soft, pretty folds.

An attractive feature is the fancy cape collar falling in tabs at back, over each shoulder and front, the free edges of which are bordered with insertion. A rolling collar, also decorated with insertion, finishes the neck. The coat-shaped sleeves are provided with full short puffs which are gathered at the top, and, again at the lower edge and arranged upon perforated lines.

Dainty little frocks can be fashioned in this style from dimity, batiste, percale, and all manner of washable fabrics, while for more dressy wear, silks, in India, taffeta and glace may be used.

To make this dress for a child of six years will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7048, is cut in sizes for girls of two, four, six and eight years.

NO. 6282—LADIES' NORFOLK WAIST.

(Hints by May Manton.)

English tweed, cheviot, drap-d'ete and all light woolen stuffs are suitable and serviceable when made after the style shown in our illus-

Ladies' Norfolk Waist.

tration. For traveling, yachting and the like it is preferable to the favorite shirt waist both because it is more durable and prevents sudden chill. Being unlined, it is not overwarm for moderate weather. Plaits are laid in both the fronts and back as indicated, and the waist is fitted to the figure by means of an under-arm gore, which allows of perfect smoothness. The sleeves are in two pieces, fitted to the point where the moderate puff begins. The collar is in the simple roll-over style that is considered correct with all severe gowns. The only finish is machine stitching, even the buttons being hidden beneath the center plait. The basque is alike suitable for a costume of one material, or for a plain waist to be worn with skirt of check or stripes. It is becoming to almost all figures, and can safely be recommended to all women, for even though the number of shirt waists is unlimited, it is well to have one of sturdier make to fall back upon in case of need.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require 2¼ yards of 44-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6282, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOOD.

AN INLAND SEA.

Over 15,000 Square Miles Covered by Water.

Washington, April 12.—A statement relative to the agricultural interests of the submerged district of the Mississippi valley south of Cairo, Ill., has been issued by the Department of Agriculture. It is based upon a chart prepared under the direction of the chief of the weather bureau, showing the extent of the flood on April 6. To this chart the department has applied the crop statistics of 1896 as representing more closely than any other available data the acreage and value of the crops of 1897 now in jeopardy.

The statistics of population, of the number and acreage of farms, and of the value of farms and farm implements, are those of the census, and the statistics of live stock are the department's own figures for January 1, 1897.

Area Under Water.

The total area under water April 6 was about 15,800 square miles, of which 7,900 square miles was in Mississippi, 4,500 square miles in Arkansas, 1,750 square miles in Missouri, 1,200 square miles in Tennessee, and 450 in Louisiana. This region contained in 1890, so far as can be determined in view of the indefinite boundary lines of the flood, a population of 379,685, of which 186,489 or about one-half, was in Mississippi, 100,235 in Arkansas, and the remainder almost equally divided between Missouri and Tennessee. Taking the entire region the colored population outnumbered the whites in the proportion of 12 to 7, the colored predominating in the flooded districts of Mississippi in the ratio of more than five to one, and in Arkansas in that of two to one. In Missouri and Tennessee the population of the flooded districts is largely white, in the former state in the proportion of 10 to 1, and in the latter in that of 2 to 1.

The flooded districts contain, it is estimated, about 39,500 farms, of which about 18,500 are in Mississippi, nearly 10,000 in Arkansas, and a like number about equally divided between Missouri and Tennessee.

These farms contain a total area of about 3,800,000 acres, one-half of which is in Mississippi and over one-fourth in Arkansas, the proportions in Missouri and Tennessee being about the same as in the case of the number of farms. The total value of these farms with their improvements, farm implements, is chosen upon $65,000,000, and here also the proportions in the different states are about the same as above noted.

Mississippi Suffers Most.

The largest interests at stake so far are those of the state of Mississippi, whose flooded districts represent an invested capital in agriculture alone of close upon $42,000,000. Over 18,000 farms containing 2,000,000 acres of land of an average value of about $18 an acre are under water in the country lying between the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers, including some of the most productive lands of the state. Their live stock even at the present low prices is worth nearly $3,500,000, and the farmers and planters are estimated to have about $2,000,000 worth of the crops of last year still on hand.

Arkansas stands next in the extent of its imperiled interests, nearly 10,000 farms containing 1,000,000 acres of land, worth over $14,000,000, being submerged. These farms contain live stock to the value of over $1,500,000 and crops unsold and unconsumed to the value of nearly $900,000, the entire agricultural interests of those lands representing a value not far short of $17,000,000.

The agricultural interests affected in Missouri represent a total capital of rather over $9,000,000, the 5,300 submerged farms containing an area of about 470,000 acres, worth about $7,350,000, the live stock representing nearly $1,500,000 more, and the crops on hand another $500,000.

Tennessee is not far behind Missouri in the extent of its imperiled interests, the number and acreage of the submerged farms being very nearly the same and the entire value, including $1,250,000 for live stock and $400,000 for crops on hand, being over $8,500,000.

What effect the flood will have upon the crops of the present season depends upon the length of its continuance, and the practicability of wheat planting after the subsidence of the flood. The entire region under water on April 6 produced last year about 370,000 bales of cotton, valued at close on $13,000,000; over 11,000,000 bushels of corn, worth about $3,400,000; and wheat, oats, potatoes and hay worth over $800,000 more. The most valuable portion of these crops was raised in Mississippi, whose region now submerged produced nearly 125,000 bales of cotton, besides other products mostly for local consumption.

COTTON AND SUGAR.

Both Crops Will Be Damaged by Inundation.

Memphis, April 9.—Cotton is the measure of values in the South, and when it is stated on the opinion of an expert that the territory along the Mississippi river now under water and that will be inundated produces annually 1,500,000 bales of cotton of the highest grade, one can estimate the probable loss.

The crop of 1897 will be cut this number of bales if the waters do not get out of the country in time to make the crop.

A bale is worth $40 in New York.

The whole of the Mississippi Delta, from a point in Tunica county, the extreme northern one, to the mouth of the Yazoo river, just above Vicksburg, is a vast inland sea with the water tearing over railroads, plantations, cotton gins, farmhouses, negro quarters, county seats and small towns at a furious rate and constantly reinforced by waters leaving the main channel through four breaks.

The last break sealed the fate of the Delta country, being at the head of it, and throwing over the country a torrent of water which pours through a crevasse.

Ten counties in Arkansas are for the most part inundated. Fifty thousand people in that state have been driven from their homes. Probably half of them are destitute.

Terrible Destitution.

In Mississippi nine counties are wholly under water. The population of these counties, according to the census of 1890, was 75,000. Three-fourths are negroes. For many of these negroes the white planters are caring, but the others are in a condition of abject want, which will increase when the temporary supplies on hand at the beginning of the flood are exhausted.

The worst is not yet on the people. The flood has reached the climax of its destructive career so far as loss to property goes, north of Vicksburg on the Mississippi side and north of Arkansas City on the Arkansas side. Five breaks in the delta levees and 15 on the Arkansas side from the Missouri line to the mouth of White river have made a sea 300 miles long and from 50 to 150 wide. If this water be out of the country by May 5 crops can be raised. If not out by May 10 the chances are very much against the maturing of cotton before frost. If the flood should not leave by May 10 planters will be put in dire straits and labor will be unable to provide for its own. Debts can not be paid and great financial trouble will follow.

The sugar plantations must also suffer. It will take $250,000 to put the levees above Vicksburg in as good shape as they were before the flood. They must be repaired before the annual June rise or the water will again flow through the crevasses.

IN LOUISIANA.

Fight to Save the Levees is Growing Desperate.

New Orleans, April 12.—Each day now adds a few inches to the river's height, and if the long expected crest of the flood wave is on the move it ought to reach here in a few days. In the meantime the anxiety is increasing all along the line for more weak spots are developing. From North Louisiana comes the news that the Biggs levee, below Vicksburg, sustained a terrific attack and nearly succumbed, but relief was prompt. Just above New Orleans comes the news of three weak spots almost in a row, one in St. Charles parish and the other two at Hanson City and Camp Parapet. A break at either of the latter two points would involve considerable Illinois Central property and send the water knocking at the door of New Orleans. However, there is a protection levee just above the city, reaching clear across from the river to the lake, so that the water would run into the latter body. The city is protected against a rise in the lake by a costly system of levees.

Another weak spot is on the opposite bank of the river, just below the city, but a large force has been at work there for three days and nights. A section of the levee at the old Ames crevasse just above Gretna is also showing weakness, but the Texas & Pacific is helping there and holding the line, while Gretna, by volunteer citizens' movement, is building an earthen wall around herself. The danger is increasing daily, but that is only an incentive for harder work, and the Louisiana line is still intact.

Memphis, Tenn., April 12.—This morning Lieut. Rowan, in company with Capt. Fitch, left the city with the steamer Itaska. Helena is the objective point. Capt. Fitch will make another inspection of the levees, while Lieut. Rowan will aid in the proper disbursement of supplies purchased with part of the government appropriation. Comptroller Boler, at Washington, has wired his interpretation of the resolution appropriating $200,000 for the sufferers. In his opinion the sum may be expended not only for supplies for man but for feed for cattle, stock, etc. This tides the officers over an embarrassing point. The army officers are now stationed as follows: Col. Sanger is on St. Francis river; Capt. Davis is in Memphis; Lieut. Carnahan, St. Francis river, and Lieut. Crowley at Helena and above.

FORGER LEWIS.

Over Four Hundred Indictments Await Him.

Urbana, O., April 7.—The latest sensation in Urbana was the telegram announcing the capture of Zachariah Taylor Lewis, the celebrated bond forger.

Deputy Kirby left for Michigan ten days ago on information that Lewis was in the neighborhood of Ann Arbor. A close watch was kept on the postoffice of that city for mail coming to his family, who are now residing in that city. After several days, success came to the efforts of the men in wait. A letter bearing the postmark Ypsilanti, Mich., came to the family from the forger. Kirby at once boarded an electric car and went over to Ypsilanti, where he found Lewis in bed. The bond forger was completely surprised when the young officer walked into his room and placed him under arrest.

ZACHARIAH TAYLOR LEWIS.
The Celebrated Bond Forger.

Lewis recognized him and at once signified his willingness to return to Ohio without requisition papers. Before leaving for Ohio he was granted an interview with his family, in Ann Arbor.

There are now pending in the Licking county court 30 indictments against Lewis for forgery. In Montgomery county 112 indictments are waiting for him, while 200 more are in waiting in Hardin county. Adams and Highland counties also have a batch of indictments against him for fraudulent bonds issued on those counties. Thus it will be seen that over 400 indictments are held against Lewis. The indictment on which he was arrested was the forgery of $4,500 Hardin county bonds held by the Perpetual Building association, of this city. While Lewis was arrested on this indictment, the National Bank of Redemption, of Boston, is behind the move to bring the fugitive to justice.

Deputy Sheriff Kirby arrived this evening from Ann Arbor, Mich., with his prisoner. It was not generally known that he would be here so early, but an immense crowd soon gathered, and the streets were thronged with people to get a glimpse of the man who had so successfully duped the greatest financiers of the day. When the train arrived the prisoner was hurried into a hack and driven rapidly to the jail. The prisoner was exceedingly nervous, and was much cast down when spoken to. There is little change is his appearance, and he looks as he did before he fled two years ago. He wears a full beard, closely cut, and any person who knew him would have no trouble in recognizing the man. When asked if he had any statements to make, he said: "Not now, but probably I will talk to you later."

BRYAN WAS AN ACTOR.

The Blade's Campaign Story is Confirmed.

Cleveland, O., April 9.—Last fall, during the presidential campaign, The Blade was the first paper to publish the statement that William J. Bryan was once an actor. That statement is confirmed by an interview here with one who ought to know, Ada Gray, who is playing an engagement here in East Lynne, was asked to-day for a confirmation of the oft-repeated rumor that William Jennings Bryan was once an actor under her. She said:

"When his picture began to appear the face seemed strangely familiar to me, but it was some time before I could remember where I had seen him. I frequently remarked that he looked like an actor, and one day at Louisville, Ky., the recollection dashed on me suddenly and clearly. He was with me during the season of 1884, which opened at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"He played under the name of William Jennings, but his face looked then exactly as it does now. He remained with my company about five months, playing the part of Sir Francis Levison, in East Lynne. We played Lucretia Borgia the same season, but in that he took no part. After the season I lost sight of him. I don't even remember whether he was a good actor or a bad one."

Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 is a beacon of hope to all men.

EX-SENATOR VOORHEES DEAD

After Years of Illness and Suffering—His Public Career.

Washington, April 10.—Daniel Wolsey Voorhees, ex-United States senator from the state of Indiana, died at 5 o'clock this morning at his home in this city, No. 105 Maryland avenue, northeast.

The senator had been in poor health for several years, and for at least two years past had taken little part in the proceedings in the Senate. He had been a constant sufferer from rheumatism of the heart, and his friends, therefore, had come to expect that they might hear of his death suddenly. The last reports of him, however, were that he was showing some signs of improvement, and his death, therefore, while not entirely unexpected, came with the suddenness of a shock.

At the time of his retirement from the Senate the tall Sycamore of the Wabash, as he was affectionately called by his devoted followers in the Hoosier state was the ranking Democrat on the finance committee, and by virtue of this position the nominal leader at least of his party on the floor of the Senate on tariff and financial questions. He was not active, however, owing to his ill-health in the work on the Wilson tariff bill, most of the numerous Senate amendments to this bill and its final passage after a stormy career in which it was in serious danger several times being due to Senator Jones, of Arkansas.

In the repeal of the Sherman silver law the Hoosier senator, however, took a very prominent part. It was his last important work in the Senate, and the final accomplishment of the repeal was due largely to the effective support he rendered to the Cleveland administration, which had made the repeal one of its chief purposes. The finance committee at this time was almost evenly divided on the financial question, and the balance of power in the committee lay practically with Mr. Voorhees.

Mr. Voorhees was 76 years of age last September, and prior to his retirement from public life on March 4 last had

DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

been for many years one of the most picturesque figures in the Senate. He was born in Liberty township, Butler county, O., and in his early infancy was carried by his parents to their pioneer home in the Wabash valley, Indiana. In 1849 he graduated from the Indiana Asbury (now Depauw) University, and, studying law, began its practice in 1851. His first public office was entered upon in 1858, since which time he had been almost constantly in public life.

Mr. Voorhees' death was caused by an attack of angina pectoris. The senator's health was so poor during the recent political campaign that he could not participate in it, but after his return to Washington in November he seemed to improve in health. Two weeks ago the old rheumatic troubles returned, and three days ago they became even more alarming, but the senator still did not confine himself to his bed, and his family felt no immediate alarm. It was not indeed until half an hour before the final summons came that any one realized death was near.

The remains will be taken to Terre Haute, Ind., the senator's home for so many years, for interment, but just when is not yet determined.

HARRISON IN CHICAGO.

Majority Over All Candidates for the Mayoralty.

Chicago, April 7.—The mayoralty election yesterday resulted in a decisive victory for the Democratic party, its candidate, Carter Harrison, having more votes than all the other candidates combined.

The feature of the election was the strength shown by Harlan. He ran

CARTER H. HARRISON.

second to Harrison and although an independent with no organization behind him he secured more votes than the regular Republican candidate, Judge Nathaniel Sears.

The mayoralty vote complete is as follows:

Carter H. Harrison, (Dem.) 144,828.
J. M. Harlan, (Ind.) 67,072.
N. C. Sears, (Rep.) 57,566.
W. Hesing, (Business Administration.) 15,116.
John Glembeck, (Soc. Labor.) 1,226.
H. L. Parmelee, (Pro.) 852. J. L. Pearce, jr., (Ind.) 686; F. Howard Collier, (Ind.) 88. Total, 287,434.
Harrison's plurality, 77,756.
Harrison's majority over all, 2,222.

Complete returns from all the wards show the election of twenty-three Democrat aldermen, six Republicans and five independents. As a result the Democrats will have a majority of eight over all the next council.

ST. LOUIS ELECTION.

Republicans Score a Big Victory on the Whole Ticket.

St. Louis, April 7.—The returns to-day showed that Henry Ziegenhein, for mayor, and the whole Republican ticket was elected by majorities from 4,276 to 24,068. Ziegenhein ran far behind his ticket, as did Robert McMathe for president of the board of public improvements, whose majority was the lowest received. The former came next with a majority of 6,163, while Isaac M. Mason, for treasurer, received a majority of 24,038.

With the exception of four members of the house of delegates, all are Republican, and the entire Republican council ticket was elected by a round majority. The triangular nature of the fight, the Democrats having two tickets, brought out a large vote. Harrison and Merwether, the Democratic mayoralty candidates, ran about even. Harrison, as well as most of the candidates for the house of delegates and council on the Democratic ticket, was endorsed by the civic federation and it is a notable fact that most of them were defeated.

FOR MR. MAN ONLY.

A LITTLE LECTURE FOR THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

HOW HE LOOKS TO HIMSELF

Mister Man!
That's you, Mr. Reader.
You know what an important individual you are. Survey the landscape all around you—there isn't an object equally large and important any place in sight.

You know that—you feel it—you realize it.

The man next door may feel just as important and just as big and just as puffy as you do—but the man next door is a conceited idiot—he always is.

Now honest, sit down and "size up" the question impartially, and then admit that this is about the way you view the universe. There may be stars away off millions of billions of miles away that are really great, blazing suns a hundred times the diameter of the earth—but they look mighty small to you. It's the same way about the planets and lots of other old things.

The fact of the matter, Mister Man, is that you are a very conceited personage, both collectively and individually. And that being the case, it is a wonder that, realizing your own tremendous importance, you should take so little care of yourself.

You dimly wonder one minute how the world is going to get along when you are gone, and can almost feel the great big blank space that you will leave when you do go—and then you go to work and by carelessness and neglect try to arrange to go just as quick as you possibly can.

You are too busy with your own enormous importance to take care of your health. You are too much amused by the littleness of every other fellow to take reasonable time to rest. You are too much occupied in standing on your own dung-hill and crowing to take time to eat. You are so much pleased with yourself that it keeps you awake o' nights. In fact, you think so much about yourself that you never have a minute to think about your health. The result is that you soon have a little indigestion and then you have a big indigestion. You neglect both and then you find that your appetite is falling off. Then you have a headache—and you pat yourself on the back and say that it is because you think so hard and think such big thinks. The headache gets worse. After a while you begin to realize that you are really not thinking when you think you are. You are just sitting and brooding. You get so irritable over trifles that your wife talks about going home to her mother. The office boy shivers when they see you come in in the mornings. You can't see any fun in a good time—you've outgrown that.

Then, some day, your wife takes the bit in her own teeth and sends for a doctor. And he says—consumption—nervous prostration—or some other equally serious disease.

Now Mister Man, realizing as you do, that the world cannot, by any possibility, get along without you, don't you think you are doing the world as well as yourself an injustice by recklessly neglecting your health in this manner?

There is a sure and speedily remedy for all the troubles that afflict you—except the conceit—and you are all the better for that—a remedy that will brace you up and put you on your feet and make a king of you again. It will give you that high and mighty feeling that you used to have. It will fix up that stomach of yours. It will make it hungry. It will tone it up so that when you go home at night and walk by a butcher shop your mouth will water as it used to when you were a boy. It will put some vim and "get there" into that sluggish liver. It will drive the impurities out of your blood and make it rich and red and full of the life-giving elements of the food you eat. The old, inert, half-dead tissues in your body will be torn down and excreted, and new, healthy, muscular tissues will take their places. It will make a new man of you and give you new muscles, new flesh and new bone and sinew and new brain and nerve tissues. You will get up in the morning feeling like a school-boy and work like a steam engine all day and go home at night tired and hungry and sleep like a top. You will be just as conceited as ever, but it will be a healthy conceit. It will be a conceit that is backed up by a good, stiff backbone, bounding blood and a thoroughly healthy body.

The medicine that will do this is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great preparation for hard-working men and women in the world. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, nasal catarrh and throat troubles. It is the best remedy for nervous prostration and exhaustion. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. The story of many of the cures it has made is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. By sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a copy of this useful home medical work. It is FREE. It contains 1008 pages and over 300 illustrations, and tells how to treat nearly all diseases. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover mailing only; for fine French cloth binding send 10 cents extra. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is for sale at all good medicine dealers. Only unscrupulous dealers will urge you to take some inferior substitute.

TURKEY INVADED.

ACTUAL WAR.

Army of Greek Insurgents Cross Frontier.

Athens, April 10.—Dispatches received here give details of the invasion of Macedonia by a force of irregular Greek troops. Three thousand men, it is announced, crossed the frontier on Wednesday, the day after the celebration of the anniversary of the declaration of Greek independence in 1821. Tuesday, the day of the celebration, was looked upon as likely to be the day the Greeks would select for opening hostilities; but Tuesday, in Greece, is considered an unlucky day upon which to embark upon any undertaking of importance and so the crossing of the frontier was postponed until Wednesday. The Greek expeditory force is commanded by ex-officers and ex-non-commissioned officers of the regular army of Greece and includes the band of Italian volunteers commanded by Col. Ciprliani. The so-called insurgents are all well armed and have been equipped at the expense of the Ethnike Helairia, the famous and powerful Greek secret society which has been the root and branch of the present crisis, practically controlling the country. The members of the expedition all wear the badge of Ethnike Helairia and were given an enthusiastic send off by the Thessalans and Greek troops. The latter, it is almost unnecessary to add, made no attempt to prevent the departure of the expedition, and, therefore, it cannot be claimed that the movement was unknown to the Greek authorities.

STILL ADVANCING.

Greeks Continue the Raid in Macedonia.

Trikhala, Thessaly, April 12.—The plan of the insurgents was to occupy Baltino, on the frontier of Macedonia in order to prevent the Turks from taking up a more advanced position. Directly the Greeks crossed the frontier, their leaders issued a proclamation calling upon the Macedonians and Epirotes to rise for freedom.

There is an unconfirmed rumor here at this hour that the insurgents are continuing their advance unchecked by the Turks.

Twenty-five of the Italian volunteers have returned here being unable to stand the cold weather.

Fighting Continues.

London, April 12.—A special dispatch from Trikhala says that the Turkish garrison of Baltino, numbering about 800 men which was besieged by the Greek insurgents has cut its way through the Greeks with a loss of 30 men killed. It is added that the fighting was stubborn. It was only at the fourth attempt that the Turks were able to issue from their barracks.

The insurgents, the special despatch further states, continued their march into Macedonia and have captured the town of Krania. Further, they pursued the Turks close to Cipria, where Obkir Pasha was only two hours distant from Gravena.

Throughout the expeditions which have hitherto been so successful for the insurgents, the latter lost only three chiefs killed and four men wounded, according to the special despatch.

It is reported that the Turkish frontier detachment yesterday fired on and killed a Greek private and a peasant who were carrying despatches to Calcolivri.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CUBA WILL BE FREE.

All Indications Point to the Approaching Crisis.

Cleveland, April 9.—The following is from a special to the Leader from Havana:

The war is evidently reaching an acute stage, and a total collapse of Spanish control of the island is clearly foreshadowed. The Spanish troops are without any money except the forced paper "billetes," of which the issue has now reached over thirty millions without any solid basis of coin reserve. Notwithstanding the stringent edicts of the captain general, the inexorable laws of trade are asserting their supremacy, and it is now only a question of weeks or months when these paper promises to pay, the last resource of the government for maintaining their armies in the field will become as utterly valueless as Confederate currency became in the last stages of our great rebellion. It will still buy some of the native products, such as rum and cigarettes, but the imperative and pressing necessity of the army is for the staple necessaries of life—corn, flour, bacon and clothing. These can only be obtained by importation, and the importer can only buy with gold or silver. The captain general may threaten and imprison the merchants, but his edicts are powerless to change the stern demand of commerce—value for value. The Spanish bankers are in the last desperate straits of financial legerdemain. While the nominal value of paper money remains at par, and severe penalties are decreed against any quotations below par, its actual purchasing power becomes daily impaired more and more, and is now but below one-half the face value.

Great suffering exists in consequence among the rank and file of the Spanish army, who are paid in these depreciating "Billetes," and even at that their pay is said to be half a year in arrears. The men are treated like so many cattle, and are left to suffer the hardships of the field without adequate clothing, camp equipage, commissary supplies or hospital stores. In the nature of the case, their efficiency as soldiers must constantly diminish as their privations increase.

The government, while forcing upon the unwilling merchants and soldiers this depreciating currency, will not accept it for taxes or duties, which can only be liquidated in gold or silver. No further levies of Spanish conscripts are arriving to fill up their depleted ranks, while the demand upon the government at Madrid for additional levies to quell the rebellion in the Philippine Islands remains only partially answered.

All shrewd observers are agreed that the present conditions can have but one final outcome—Spanish evacuation of the island. Trustworthy observers declare unhesitatingly that every dollar and every man hereafter sacrificed by Spain to retain her control of the island is a hopeless sacrifice, and that the year 1898 will inevitably witness the final collapse, even admitting that the United States is not sooner goaded into active interference by repeated outrages upon American citizens and hopeless destruction of American property.

It is an open secret in Spanish circles in Cuba that the captain general has pressing orders to commence the retransportation of soldiers to Spain to meet the demand from the Philippine Islands and to put down the threatening revolutionary movements of the Carlist and Republican factions in Spain. Preparations for this exodus are already under way, and as soon as the rainy season begins next month the withdrawal of troops from the island will be actively progressing.

The outstanding debt incurred by Spain in her efforts to retain Cuba has reached an enormous sum, variously estimated at from $350,000,000 to $500,000,000. To remain under the Spanish flag with this debt as a perpetual mortgage upon their resources means a despairing future for the planters, property owners, and business men of Cuba. They naturally shudder at the prospect, and will gladly accept any settlement that will relieve them from the Spanish incubus—either an independent government or annexation to the United States. I am inclined to think that the latter result would be hailed with undisguised satisfaction by the majority.

BLOODY BATTLES IN CUBA.

Lively Fighting Reported From Various Points.

Havana, April 13.—A big battle has been fought at San Miguel de Encrucijada, Pinar del Rio Province, between the Spanish battalion of Gerona and some 1,000 insurgents led by Vidal Dacasse and Perico Delgado. After a hand-to-hand fight the Spanish retired, leaving on the field their dead and wounded, and horses, arms and ammunition.

The Spanish explain that the combination of two columns, which were to attack the Cubans on two sides, failed. They say that the battalion of Gerona was ordered to maintain without help a bad position, to encourage the insurgents to the attack, and then to drive them to a certain place at which another battalion was expected to overwhelm the patriot force.

Another Hard Fight.

News comes from Matanzas of a battle fought near the estate Andes, a few miles from El Colisco. The Spanish official report, published here, claims one of the greatest victories obtained by the Spaniards since the war began.

The report is very much discredited and from other sources it is known that the fight ended in the total defeat of the Spanish column, led by Col. Zamora with Capt. Andrade in command of the cavalry forces.

The news has created considerable excitement here, as it proves the strength of the revolution in the Matanzas province, where, according to the last official communications published by La Lucha and the Diario de la Marina, only a few scattered insurgent bands remained.

Progress of the War.

In the province of Pinar del Rio the war is being carried on with great enthusiasm by the insurgents. An engagement is reported at San Francisco and Recompensa between the Spanish forces of Vergara and the Cubans led by Bermudez in which both sides have had heavy losses. Bermudez claims the victory and so do the Spaniards.

Gen. Weyler is reported to be greatly concerned over the fate of the garrison of the principal Spanish fort at Seboruco, near Placetas. The fort was attacked on Friday by a large force of insurgents, who bombarded it with dynamite shells fired from a pneumatic cannon.

The fort was utterly destroyed, half of the garrison being killed and the other half, except four men who were captured, fled to Placetas. Nearly all the men of the garrison killed were colored Spanish soldiers from the battalion of Havana firemen.

An electric light plant, brought from the United States, is being erected on the old trocha that runs from Jucaro to Moron. The troops, under Gen. Arolas, have been stringing the wires. It is also purposed to construct a bicycle track between the terminal points of the trocha for military use.

SANGUILLY ARRESTED.

United States Authorities Take Him in Charge.

Washington, April 8.—Gen. Julio Sanguilly is now a prisoner of the United States.

His arrest furnishes another illustration of the close vigilance maintained by the Spanish legation upon the movements of Cuban leaders in this country. He is held at Jacksonville, Fla., on the charge of attempted violation of the neutrality laws.

Becoming convinced that Sanguilly was preparing to engage in another filibustering expedition, the Spanish vice consul in Jacksonville notified the United States authorities, and upon the strength of charges made by the Spanish agent warrants were issued for the arrest of Sanguilly and Leclunge, the latter another Cuban leader. The two men, learning of this action, surrendered themselves to the United States commissioner in Jacksonville.

A hearing on the charges made by the vice consul will be had next Saturday. There is little sympathy among State Department officials at Sanguilly, in view of his positive pledge that he would not return to Cuba during the existence of the present rebellion and would not aid directly or indirectly in the insurrection against the Spanish government.

Secretary Sherman has already announced that Sanguilly need not expect any further protection from this government if he again aids the insurrection.

Rivera Will Be Spared.

The Spanish government will not kill General Ruis Rivera, the captured Cuban leader. There is a perfect understanding between the Madrid authorities and General Weyler on this point.

Spain never had any intention of dealing with General Rivera in any other way than is usual among civilized nations. Positive information to this effect has come to the authorities here.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Evidently Preparing for Trouble With the Transvaal.

London, April 10.—There are indications that the British preparations against the Transvaal multiply in many directions. It was semi-officially reported during the week that two more regiments have been notified to prepare for service in South Africa and negotiations are pending with Scotch Shipowners for four transports to be ready at the end of June.

Though President Kruger has courtmartialed his grandson, Lieut. Eloff, for using insulting language towards Queen Victoria, the most bitter comments can be heard in the clubs and among the better classes of people here against President Kruger, who, it is claimed, has done as much as Lieut. Eloff to insult the queen

WASHINGTON.

REORGANIZING THE SENATE.

Democrats Would Like to Get On Committees.

Washington, April 10.—There is prospect of trouble at the Senate end of the capitol over the organization of the committees. The Democratic caucus developed some unexpected sentiments of a warlike character, in view of the decided minority in which that party exists and proposes to operate. The sentiment expressed by the younger members, especially those who have at present no committee assignments or committee home, were of a decidedly belligerent character, and it became necessary for the older members of the Senate to call the attention of these tyros to the fact that the Democrats, as a party and without the co-operation of the Populists and Silver Republicans, are powerless to demand anything particular or to control the action of the Senate on reorganization or any other subject. To be sure, they might by an alliance with the Populists and Silver Republicans be able to control the Senate and reorganize the committees, but the older members on the Democratic side are decidedly opposed to having the Populists or Silver Republicans classified with them or given the committee places to which they think their members are entitled. So they want the Republicans, if the committees are to be reorganized to take the Populists and Silverites under their wings and assign them places from the number allotted to the majority.

This the Republicans are not inclined to do. They are not running an orphan asylum, and especially are not hunting up orphans who not only deserted them in the hour of need but gave aid and comfort to the enemy. They are of opinion that if the Democratic party was not too good to co-operate with the Populists and bolting Republicans in the late campaign it should not consider itself above recognizing them and giving them the quota of committee places from their own allotment.

Meantime the Populists are not inclined to assent to any proposition to merge their identity with either party, but are inclined to flock by themselves, and certainly to retain clearly and sharply their own party identity.

Bimetallism.

International bimetallism is getting comparatively little attention in a public way here just now, but the friends of that proposition insist that it is not being at all neglected. President McKinley, although occupied in his appointments and in listening to recommendations for office, is consulting leading members of the party as they visit him, obtaining their views as to the best course to pursue, and is at the same time giving his representatives to the various nations instructions as to their duties upon this subject.

It has been looked upon as desirable all along that action should be delayed until the new diplomatic representatives of the administration could feel the pulse of the governments to which they are assigned.

Senator Wolcott, who has been active in the matter, is just now giving his time and attention to the meetings of the finance committee in consideration of the tariff bill, and as he is the only representative of the extreme West on the committee is very much occupied. Other active friends of international bimetallism, however, are keeping close watch of the situation abroad, through correspondence and otherwise, and report that they find the sentiment in favor of a conference growing rapidly in Europe as well as in this country.

NOMINATIONS.

Washington, April 7.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Justice—to be attorneys of the United States—Thomas H. Barnes for the Western district of Arkansas; Pliny L. Soper, for the northern district in the Indian Territory.

Postmasters—Arkansas—Thomas D. Hawkins, at Morrillton. Georgia—Robert F. Milner, at Newman. Illinois—Lavergne B. Stevens, Bluffton; Ellis G. Darnell, Lebanon; Wm. G. Silver, Pendleton. Iowa—Frank C. Downey, Dexter. Kansas—John H. Winne, Manhattan. Nebraska—Dennis Tracey, Cedar Rapids.

Navy—Commodore Montgomery Sicard to be rear admiral; Capt. Albert Kautz, to be commodore; Lieut. R. G. Davenport, to be lieutenant commander; Lieut. E. B. Barry, to be lieutenant commander.

Nominations Confirmed.

Washington, April 9.—The senate in executive session yesterday confirmed the following nominations:

Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, to be assistant secretary of the navy; Thomas W. Gridder, of West Virginia, to be third assistant secretary of state; Fenton R. McCreery, of Michigan, to be secretary of the United States legation, City of Mexico; Capt. A. S. Crowninshield, United States navy, to be chief of the bureau of navigation department of the navy; Brigadier-General Frank Wheaton, to be major-general in the army; William J. Cassard, Maryland, to be chaplain in the navy; Rev. C. S. Walkley, of Ohio, to be post chaplain; Capt. Robert Craig, signal corps, to be major.

IN COLORADO.

President Likely to Open Lands to Settlers.

Washington, April 10.—The allotted lands of the eastern end of the Southern Ute Indian reservation in Southwest Colorado probably will be opened to settlement this summer by Presidential proclomation. Though the allotments have been completed the question of opening has been deferred for a long time, owing to what seems to be conceded to be a grave error in fixing the 107th meridian of longitude. Secretary Bliss has now taken action and has directed the director of the geological survey to determine by astronomical observation as soon as the season permits the correct location of the meridian. This work will not require much time, and though the date has not yet been considered it is probable the opening will be fixed upon immediately after the submission of the directors' report. It is claimed and believed by the authorities that the meridian is about five miles too far west and the variance of lines involves about 48,000 acres, which may inure to the benefit of the Indians. The meridian probably will be established late in May.

RUSHING THE BILL.

Committee Nearly Through With the Preliminaries.

Washington, April 8.—The finance committee of the senate has abandoned its plan for a thorough rebuilding of the tariff bill, from the ground up, and now expects to be able to report it to the full committee within three weeks, or perhaps sooner. Its members have heard from the country. They have learned that the people are well satisfied with the bill as it passed the house and want it enacted and the new protective measure put in force. This sort of hints have been coming to the members of the committee in such numbers and with such pointed form that they have passed beyond the stage of hints, and have almost reached the dignity of commands.

The result is that the members of the committee are inclined to hasten their action, and instead of dissecting every item and substituting something in its stead, are pushing rapidly over the bill. They have already covered one half of the bill, and by far the more difficult portion of it, excepting the wool schedule, which they are now on. It is not expected that they will determine finally their action on any of the schedules or items on this preliminary examination, but they are familiarizing themselves sufficiently to make pretty rapid progress when they take it up in detail for final action.

There is good reason to believe, however, that the changes will not be as radical as had been expected, and that the reduction of duties, which was expected, will not materialize. The committee has now passed over one half of the bill, and a very large proportion of the second half is devoted to the free list, they will make pretty rapid progress after leaving the wool schedule.

Foreign Protests.

Germany, Italy and the Netherlands, through their diplomatic representatives here, have at last filed formal protests against the passage of the Dingley tariff bill, and these protests are now in the hands of the finance committee of the senate. The three foreign countries mentioned have sent in separate documents to the Secretary of State, but they are all along the same general lines although different instances of discrimination are cited, and it appears to be certain that there has been concert of action.

The reception of these protests will, it is believed, do much to stimulate the passage of the tariff bill through the senate, for that body is not in a mood just now to listen to complaints from European nations.

BEET SUGAR FACTS.

Agricultural Department Furnishes Some Information.

Washington, April 9.—There is much information for those identified with sugar interests in a report just issued by the Agricultural Department on the sugar beet. In reviewing the cost of manufacture it says that in 113 factories reporting in Germany the mean net profit for each factory was $32,240 for the past year. The price reported paid for beets is usually fictitious, the beet growers owning the factory and preferring to share in the general profits rather than to charge a high price for the beets. First-class beets rarely sell for less than $5 a ton.

The Western Beet Sugar company, of Watsonville, Cal., stated that in the season 1888-89 the cost of manufacturing sugar from the beets amounted to $80.80 per ton of sugar. The department holds now that with the best machinery and most economical processes beet sugar can be made in this country at a cost of from 3 to 4 cents per pound when the price of rich beets does not exceed $5 a ton. From reliable data it is stated that in Europe the cost of erecting a factory with the most modern machinery of a capacity of at least 300 tons of beets per day is about $200,000. In this country, owing to increased cost of transportation and the higher price of labor, the cost probably would be $240,000. The report discountenances cheap manufacturing processes and holds out no reasonable hope to farmers of successfully establishing a home beet sugar factory, but predicts that the co-operative factory methods practiced in Europe, in which beet-growing farmers hold part or majority of the stock, will eventually come into use here. Of 11,672,816 metric tons of beets delivered to the German factories in 1895-96, there were 2,689,004 tons grown by shareholders.

Seven beet sugar factories are now shown to be in operation in this country, and four others are building or contemplated.

The rate of increase in sugar consumption for 23 years has been 278 per cent in the United States; 142 in France, 159 in Germany; 107 in Austria and 90 in England.

CONGRESS THIS WEEK.

Work of the Week is Very Much in Doubt.

Washington, April 12.—The outlook for the senate this week is so much befogged with reference to committee organization that it is impossible to forecast the proceedings with any degree of accuracy. There is a possibility that this question may consume a great deal of attention, and if it is not satisfactorily disposed of it may be used to prevent effort to secure action on important measures.

Aside from the matter of reorganization there are four important questions before the senate. These are the Morgan Cuban resolution, the bankruptcy bill, the Anglo-American arbitration treaty and the appropriation bills.

Senator Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, said that he was hopeful of securing consideration of the treaty some time during the week, the only circumstance likely to prevent being the continued absence of senators. Senator Davis refuses to make any predictions as to the result of the final vote or when that vote will be reached.

Washington, April 12.—The house will continue its programme of three day adjournments this week. Jerry Simpson, as much as possible by requiring a quorum to approve the journal, but will have little aid from the Democrats, if the spirit of the resolution adopted by the Democratic caucus Saturday prevails. As the policy of the house leaders at present is inaction, however, his opportunities to harass the Republicans will be slight. It may be the leaders may deem it advisable when the house meets on Wednesday to take up the armor plate question in some form. In this event such legislation as is deemed proper can be had under a special order from the committee on rules, but nothing has, as yet, been decided.

CLAIMS AGAINST TURKEY.

Washington, April 7.—The adoption of a vigorous policy to secure from the Turkish government a settlement of the claims preferred by the United States on account of the destruction of the American missionary property and outrages to American missionaries committed during the uprising against the Armenians in the fall of 1895, is being considered by the new administration and probably will be put into operation soon. President McKinley's programme contemplates the sending to Constantinople of Hon. John W. Foster, former secretary of state, as a special envoy with the rank of ambassador to secure from the sultan the payment of the claims which have been filed and the speedy trial of those American citizens against whom charges have been made by Turkish officials. The President probably will send to Congress a message recommending that authority be given him to commission a special ambassador to Turkey for this purpose, and, while no name will be proposed by the message, Mr. Foster will be entrusted with the mission in the event that Congress gives to the President the power which he desires.

AMERICAN SHIPPING.

Plans for Improvement Brought Before Congress.

Washington, April 8.—A meeting of representatives of the shipping interest was held yesterday in the room of the senate committee on commerce. The meeting was private, and was held for the purpose of promoting legislation looking to the encouragement of American shipping. Senator Elkins' bill providing for a discriminating duty on goods imported in American vessels afforded a basis for much of the proceeding, but there was a want of unanimity of opinion on that and its proceedings.

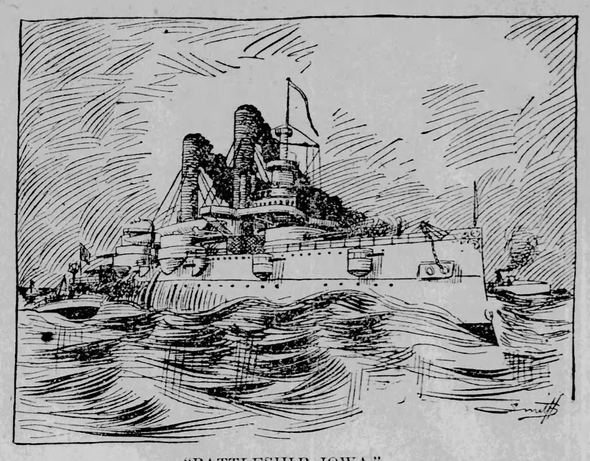
The talk was upon the time of adopting a policy which would unite all political parties in support of some measure which would result in keeping at home the $300,000,000 which, it was declared, is now annually paid to the owners of foreign vessels for carrying American goods.

After a general discussion a committee was appointed to consider this serious question, and to unite, if possible, upon a policy to recommend to the government as a remedy for the existing situation.

THE OPPOSITION.

Get Together and Reach an Agreement.

Washington, April 10.—The final agreement among Democrats, silver Republicans and Populists in the Senate looking to a permanent coalition was reached at a meeting of representatives of those parties held in Senator Gorman's committee room at the Capitol to-day. The agreement had its origin in the effort to reorganize the Senate committees, but it is destined apparently to reach far beyond this situation and in fact to the future proceedings of the Senate on all matters if not to the extent of shaping party policies throughout the country. There were present at the meeting: Democrats —Senators Gorman, Cockrell, Walthall, Jones, of Arkansas, and Murphy. Silver Republicans—Senators Cannon and Mantle. Populists—Senators Allen and Pettigrew.



"BATTLESHIP IOWA."

CHANDLER'S BILLS.

Senator Introduces Measures to Seize Armor Plate Plants.

Washington, April 13.—Senator Chandler to-day introduced his bills empowering the secretary of the navy to keep possession of the armor plate plants at Bethlehem and the Carnegie companies. There are two of the bills, one applying to each of the institutions, the provisions being the same in both. Senator Chandler says that it is contemplated only the Bethlehem works shall be taken unless in case of necessity when the Carnegie institution should also be seized.

New York, April 13.—A special to the World from Washington says: Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, said last night that he would introduce two bills directing the goverment authorities to take possession of the great armor plate factories of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., Homestead, Pa., and of the Bethlehem Steel company, of Bethlehem, Pa., and operate them with government forces until all the armor plate needed to equip the new battleships have been completed.

These bills will further provide that when the the work is completed, suit shall be begun in the usual way before the court of claims for compensating the two companies for the use of their factories, and that on a report from the court of claims to congress an appropriation shall be made to reimburse them.

These measures are the sequel to the recent failure of the navy department to secure bids from the Carnegie and the Bethlehem works for armor plate within the rate specified by congress, $300 a ton.

PERSONNEL OF CONGRESS.

Facts Revealed by the New Congressional Directory.

Washington, April 12.—Every Congress directory, so far as the customary biographies of members of Congress are concerned, has its curiosities. That of the "Extraordinary Session of the Fifty-fifth Congress" is no exception.

The new directory shows that the average age of members of the House is 44 years, and of Senators 57. Formerly the average age of Senators was not less than 60 and of Representatives not less than 50. Now, by reason of the breaking into politics of ambitious young men like Senator Butler of North Carolina, Penrose of Pennsylvania, and Heitfeld of Idaho, and like Bradley, McClellan and Sulzer of New York, Bailey and Henry of Texas, Kitchin of North Carolina and Sauerhing of Wisconsin as members of the House, the average age of Senators and Representatives has been reduced materially.

Contemplation of the new directory reveals the melancholy fact that the old soldier-statesmen surely are passing away. Out of 446 Senators and Representatives only 117 have been soldiers. Three of these were in the Mexican war —Senators Bate of Tennessee, George of Mississippi and Pettus, a new Senator of Alabama. All of the 117 were in the civil war. On the side of the Union who are Senators or Representatives are 66 and on the Southern side there are 51.

JUDGE DAY'S MISSION.

He Will Soon Be On His Way to Havana.

Washington, D. C., April 13.—Judge Day, of Canton, who is to go to Cuba on a special mission for the President, will not be able to reach Washington until the end of this week. He was expected yesterday. It is thought at the State Department that Judge Day will be able to get away to Havana in a week after his arrival here.

From information received by Cuban circles in this city, the Cuban junta has been ordered by President Betancourt, of the Cuban republic, to appoint a commission to visit President McKinley and endeavor to make arrangements that Judge Day, of Canton, be permitted to visit President Betancourt in Cubitas, to obtain a true insight into the conditions prevailing at he Cuban seat of government.

MRS. M'KINLEY'S BOUDOIR.

It Will Be the Daintiest Room Ever Seen in the White House.

Washington, April 12.—Mrs. McKinley is to have a boudoir which will be the daintiest room that has ever been seen in the White House. As Mrs. Cleveland left it, the room was red in tone, with a heavy-looking wall paper in a large, striking pattern, the whole effect being dark and unattractive. Mrs. McKinley moved out of the room a day or two before she went on board the Dolphin, and the decorators have been at work ever since. Everything will be in light blue. The woodwork will be painted in blue, the walls will be repapered in a small, delicate design, and there will be new carpet to harmonize. The furniture will be re-covered and a complete transformation will take place, but there will be no effort at elaborate effect.

LOST REGISTERED MAIL

Will Be Paid for by the Government.

Washington, April 12.—James Gayler, assistant postmaster, thinks the Post-office Department will not be able to put into practical effect the mail registration indemnity law before the beginning of the new fiscal year, July 1. This law, one of the last passed by the Fifty-fourth Congress and signed by President Cleveland, provides for the payment of a limited indemnity for the loss of registered mail matter. Twenty-seven of the principal countries in the Postal Union hold themselves responsible for a limited amount for such losses, and different postmaster generals of the United States have recommended the adoption of the system.

JERRY IS MAD.

Simpson Says He Will Block All Legislation.

Washington, April 10.—Representative Simpson, of Kansas, declares he will carry into effect his threat to block any business which the House may attempt to do by unanimous consent before the speaker has appointed committees. He says he will also call for a quorum to approve the journal each time the House meets.

The Democrats do not intend to abet Mr. Simpson in his obstructive tactics.

THE FASTEST AFLOAT.

Battleship Iowa is the Queen of the Navy.

Boston, April 8.—The battleship Iowa, the last of the premium-built battleships of the navy, earned yesterday for her builders, Messrs. William Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia, $200,000 by making an average of 17 even knots an hour over the regular government course off the Massachusetts coast in the four hours speed trial required by the government under the contract. The Iowa, by her grand work, proved herself to be superior to either the Indiana or Massachusetts by a considerable fraction of a knot and is to-day the acknowledged queen of the American navy, if not the most formidable battleship afloat.

Throughout the trial the boat behaved admirably. The heavy turrets placed well above the water line gave her a much greater roll than the Indiana or the Massachusetts, but except for this she was much steadier than the other battleships.

The total corrections will not cut the 17 knots, but on the other hand will probably increase it to some slight extent.

The Iowa is officially known as "seagoing battleship No. 1." Her dimensions are as follows: Length on the load water line, 360 feet; extreme breadth, 72 feet 2½ inches; moulded depth, 39 feet 4⅜ inches; mean draught, 24 feet; displacement on normal draught, 11,300 tons, and a full coal capacity of 12,500 tons. Contract speed was 16 knots with a premium of $50,000 for each quarter knot in excess.

Her water line protection is a belt of Harveyized nickel steel with a maximum thickness of 14 inches; tapering to six inches on the lower edge. The heaviest armor is 15 inches on the main barbette.

The armored conning tower is 7½ inches thick.

The main battery of the Iowa consists of four 12-inch breech-loading rifles in the two main turrets; eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles mounted in pairs in the four turrets at the corners of the casements; six 4-inch breech-loading rifles mounted in sponsons or with shields, and 22 rapid fire and machine guns.

With the stability due to her great beam, she can fight with her whole battery in any weather.

The Iowa's full war complement is 512 officers, seamen and marines. The contract price of the boat was $3,010,000. Her maximum coal carrying capacity is 3,000 tons, and gives her a cruising radius of about 16,000 knots at the most economical speed.

QUEEN LIL'S MISSION.

She Wants to Be President of Hawaiian Republic.

Washington, April 13.—The mission of former Queen Liliuokalani in Washington is at last definitely known. It is not to secure her restoration to the throne, but to urge President McKinley to exert his influence in support of a scheme to overthrow the Dole regime and to order a new election of president. She professes confidence that at such an election she would be chosen.

Her proposition has been laid before Mr. McKinley. The ground on which she asks him to intercede for the overthrow of the Dole government is that it was illegally placed in power through the undue influence exercised by Minister Stevens and the crew of the cruiser Boston. The President's only reply to her communication so far has been a brief note acknowledging its receipt. It is believed that he will refuse to interfere as she requests.

Japan Doesn't Want It.

The disquieting advices received from Hawaii are not given any serious consideration by the officials of the Japanese legation here. It is held to be the policy of the Dole government and its representatives in this city who favor immediate annexation, to take full advantage of the fact that the immigration of coolies is on the increase, and that in consequence Japan will soon obtain control of the islands. It is denied by the representatives of that government that Japan desires to take possession of Hawaii, and the intimation is given that annexation would be refused if sought.

OPPOSE POWDERLY.

Knights Do Not Favor Him for an Appointment.

New York, April 13.—T. V. Powderly, once so popular among the Knights of Labor in this city, seems to have completely forfeited their esteem. Several New York knights spoke with great bitterness when asked yesterday how the knights felt about a report that President McKinley was likely to appoint Powderly as commissioner of immigration to succeed ex-Congressman Stump of Maryland. Delegate Armstrong of the Electrical Workers' union said:

"Personally I regard Mr. Powderly as a fakir, and he certainly would not have my indorsement. Other knights probably feel the same way. Sovereign is not much better, but he has not Powderly's ability."

MEXICANS GOING HOME.

Accept Inducements of Government to Settle Over the Border.

San Antonio, Tex., April 13.—The project of colonizing the Mexicans in Texas in Mexico, which is backed by the Mexican government, is meeting with success. Fifty families left here for the state of Michoacan, where they settled on rich tropical lands, a few weeks ago, and 200 more families will leave for the same locality in a few weeks. These colonists receive liberal exemptions and privileges from the government.

AIRSHIPS KEPT BUSY.

People See Strange Things in Many Places.

Chicago, April 13.—Telegraphic dispatches to the Tribune state that supposed airships were seen last night at Plymouth, Ind., and Eau Claire, Wis. Also that airships were observed Sunday night at New Castle, Ind., Elkhart, Ind., La Grange, Ind., Holland, Mich., Battle Creek, Mich., Waukegan, Ill., Rock Island, Ill., Bushnell, Ill., and West Superior, Wis. One is reported to have been seen Saturday night at Moline, Ill.

GREATER NEW YORK.

Bill Passed Legislature Over Mayor Strong's Veto.

Albany, N. Y., April 13.—The assembly last night passed the Greater New York charter bill over Mayor Strong's veto by a vote of 106 to 32.

To-day the bill passed the senate over the veto by a vote of 34 to 10.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Female Irregularities, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, one of Radway's Pills is sufficient to keep the bowels regular and secure PERFECT DIGESTION, and one of Radway's Pills will accomplish a better purpose than six of the ordinary drastic pills. A few doses will prove the correctness of this statement. Sold by Druggists, 25c a box, or by mail. RADWAY & CO., New York.

BRIBES IN THE LEGISLATURE

Said to Have Been Offered for Votes.

Frankfort, Ky., April 10.—Indictments charging bribery and conspiracy to bribe have been prepared by the Franklin county grand jury against three of the most prominent Republicans in the state, and before the day is past true bills will be returned against ex-Congressman W. Godfrey Hunter, of the Third district, the Republican nominee for the United States Senate; ex-Congressman John H. Wilson, of the Eleventh district, one of Dr. Hunter's closest advisers, and Hon. E. T. Franks, one of the leading Republican politicians of the Second district.

The indictments were prepared last night upon the testimony of Capt. Noel Gaines. Capt. Thomas Tanner, his brother-in-law, and Fred. Gordon, all of this city. The charges are indignantly denied by Dr. Hunter. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Franks, all of whom say they will prosecute for criminal libel, all who have testified to the above facts before the grand jury. They all claim that it is the last desperate effort of the Blackburn Democrats to prevent Dr. Hunter's election to-day, which seemed a certainty in view of the fact that he lacked only one vote at the ballot yesterday.

The Accusation.

The following authorized interview was given out this morning by Capt. Thomas Tanner, one of the accusing witnesses: "I was first called to the capitol hotel on April 1, and took Dr. Hunter to Captain Gaines' house. I there heard the conversation which followed between Dr. Hunter and Gaines. I was in an adjoining room. My principal connection with the case was through Wilson and Franks. On various occasions I was called to consult with them and urged to take a hand in buying votes. They insisted they must have three or four Democratic votes, and singled out Representatives Gessom, Clarke, Johns and Lykens, whom they said we (Gaines and myself) must get, although any Democratic votes would be acceptable.

"I was called to the capitol hotel Monday night, and had a conference with Wilson in room 23. Wilson had a big roll of bills. He said there were $5,000 in the package, and from all appearances there were. There were four such packages, or $20,000, and he said they would be paid for four votes for Dr. Hunter. He showed me the money as an evidence of good faith. He seemed to be the man who handled all the money. I had several conferences with Franks in the same room. Was last called there Thursday morning when they seemed to think that some members of the legislature had offered to succumb for $10,000, but they thought this too high. Franks was in the plan and talked about buying votes, but he never directly offered me money with which to buy them."

KANSAS POPULISM.

Startling Developments in a Legislative Investigation.

Topeka, Kas., April 9.—The special committee appointed by the Populist majority of the state legislature to investigate charges of bribery and corruption noised about during the recent session of the state's law makers got down to business yesterday and the very first sitting of the committee developed enough charges of bribery and wrong-doing to set political circles throughout Kansas agog.

Henry Landis, warden of the state penitentiary at Lansing, said he has been asked by a member of the legislature to urge the purchase of additional coal lands to attach to the penitentiary property. He had been told there would be "$25,000 in it." Landis said he had had this conversation with ex-Gov. L. D. Llewelling. He added, however, that Llewelling had not stated who was to benefit by the $25,000, whether the state or others.

Representative Metzler stated he had been offered $150 to vote against the Hackney amendment to the railroad bill. This amendment, had it become law, would have established a maximum freight law in Kansas. Mr. Metzler named D. J. Hanna, of Graham county as the man who had approached him.

Representative Clark stated that he had been approached by Frank Smith and offered $250 to oppose the Hackney amendment. Later another member approached him with what he considered a corrupt proposition relating to the same measure. When asked to name this second member, Representative Clark positively refused. Several other witnesses testified more to rumors which they had heard, but there was no other direct testimony.

FIRE IN KNOXVILLE.

Nearly a Million Weat Up in Smoke.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 8.—A special to the News from Knoxville, says:

The most disastrous fire ever experienced in Knoxville occurred this morning between 4 and 8 o'clock. The entire block between Union and Reservoir streets, on Gay street, with the exception of the McGhee building on one end, the longest and handsomest block in the city, in ashes and ruins, and the loss is estimated at nearly a million dollars. Several people were slightly injured, the most serious being Joe McMillan, who had a leg broken.

It is now believed that the total loss will amount to about $1,200,000. The insurance will be about one-half.

The loss of life is very uncertain, as the register of the hotel, in which 56 people were sleeping, was burned. The proprietor of the hotel says that he had five or six guests who have not yet put in an appearance.

The known dead are: A. E. Weeks, Locke, N. Y.; R. W. Hopkins, St. Louis; ——Robinson, Pulaski, Tenn.; S. E. Williams, Springfield, Mass., and a Knoxville man named P. C. Dyer, who dropped dead on the street from fright. The injured number ten.

One Knoxville architect received orders to-day for plans for eleven buildings to take the places of the ones burned. All the buildings are to be replaced at once.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

Republican Ticket Had an Easy Time of It.

Providence, R. I., April 8.—The state election yesterday was the dullest on record. The Republicans were absolutely sure of a walkover and had there been the usual response on the part of the electors Elisha Dyer's vote would have been one of the largest ever given a gubernatorial candidate. As it was he has the largest proportionate plurality ever received for a candidate for governor in Rhode Island, estimated at 14,000. The Republicans have generally elected their candidates to the assembly. In Westerly there was a fusion between the Independents. Prohibitionists and Democrats, but the Republicans carried the city by 200. The attempt to defeat Speaker of W. R. Allen, of East Greenwich, while not successful, yet resulted in a close race, the speaker squeezing in by eight plurality.

The license vote in the state was generally in favor of granting licenses. In this city Col. R. H. Stoddard, who headed the reform ticket was elected by 1,000, while the majority of the Republican candidates for the assembly were also elected.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 4. Don't fail to read it.

THE E. S. DEAN SCHEME

By Which Everybody Could Get Rich Quick.

Chicago, April 10.—The Times-Herald says: Chicago missed a prolonged visit from E. S. Dean & Co., the New York bucket shop swindlers, through the vigilance of Captain James E. Stuart, chief postoffice inspector, and the gambling committee of the Civic Federation. The exposure of the firm came from Chicago. The collapse of the gigantic fraud caused weeping and wailing in every city in the country, with the exception of Chicago.

The officers of E. S. Dean & Co., suspended business in New York three days ago and decamped. Nothing was left for the deluded thousands who had put their savings in a scheme which was built on the same plan as the notorious and ruinous fund W. which caused so much gnashing of teeth in Chicago fifteen years ago. The backers of Dean & Co. used the same idea, but their operations were on a princely scale. Consequently the people who scorn gold bricks and disdain green goods were caught, and the operators of the new scheme are supposed to have netted about $2,000,000 before they were tripped up.

Captain Stuart had run to earth the notorious fund W. and some time ago he became suspicious of E. S. Dean & Co.

Exposing the Fraud.

Detectives were employed, and they got bundles of literature through the mails in which a scheme for the easiest Eldorado that ever attracted a money lover was set forth. The backers of the scheme felt that the net was being drawn around them. They disappeared when New York inquired of Chicago about the concern. Mr. Hill shipped a mass of literature to Gotham with information as to the working of the scheme, and the bubble burst.

Thousands of persons were ready to be gulled by the statement of Dean & Co. that 400 per cent per annum could be made on $100 if enough joined the scheme. A pretty little book purporting to be the sixth annual statement of the company was issued, though the company had only been operating for two years. The scheme was called the "Safe System of Speculation." To any man with a grain of common sense the scheme was impossible. Each was asked to invest April 1, and took Dr. Hunter to Captain $100. A profit of 12½ per cent was turned over to each investor on fictitious trades on the New York board of trade.

The investors actually signed the following "special order":

"Herewith I beg to inclose $——, to be used in speculation in wheat and stocks, which is left to your discretion both as to buying and selling. My liability is strictly limited to the above amount, while profits accruing to me are unlimited."

After receiving $25 on the original payment the investors received circulars showing the beauties of compounding by leaving in the profits given semi-monthly and letting the original investment of $100, with its accumulations, stay in the hands of the company. The investors argued it was a good thing, as they had received the regular announced profit twice a month. They would not draw profits, and even some of them mortgaged their homes to get in on the ground floor of the "safe system of speculation." Some of the investors had snug little fortunes coming to them from Dean & Co. and they were speculating on European trips and other means of spending their profits. Then the crash came and there wasn't a cent in the treasury.

It is calculated Dean & Co. must have been receiving $20,000 a day for some time from the investors. The circulars which were sent everywhere but to Chicago, contained the names of all those who had received their quota of profits for a month. These acted as references for other victims. The references had been deluded into leaving their profits in the hands of the concern and they were sure everything was honest. Savings were drawn out of banks and sent to New York and to the branches established in all the big cities with the exception of Chicago. Capt. Stuart and the Civic Federation were watching out and finally caught the company tripping.

FIGHTING SUGAR TRUST.

Chicago Grocers Encouraging Beet Sugar Factories.

Minneapolis, April 12.—It is announced to-day that the Minnesota Beet Sugar Company has been organized, with a capital stock of $2,000,000. The incorporators announce that the directorate is to include two well-known Chicago men, representing the Chicago Wholesale Grocers' Association, whose object it is to fight the sugar trust by the establishment in the northwest of sugar beet industries.

A $250,000 factory is to be built at Hastings, Minn., and others will follow, as the farmers are interested in raising beets. The railroads are helping the association, and auxiliary associations are to be formed in every county whose soil is adapted to the culture.

A state association was formed in the Senate chamber to conduct an educational campaign among the farmers.

Markets and Crops.

TRADE REVIEW.

The Situation Does Not Show Much Advancement.

New York, April 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

Out of one thousand failures with liabilities of $50,732,561 in the first quarter, 74 banking failures covered more than a fifth of the amount, $12,744,650, and 3,345 failures with liabilities of $35,947,-892, or nearly three-fifths, are classified this week according to branches of business, leaving only 587 failures, and less than a fifth of the liabilities, $12,060,019, in branches of manufacture or trade not specific.

A sudden collapse in the wheat market, exceeding three cents in a day, appears to have no other cause than a belated perception that past accepted estimates of yield and consumption, official and otherwise, have been misleading. Floods and other unfavorable weather for seeding have no weight. Expectation of great scarcity and high prices burst like a bubble, and for a time the only support was the taking of profits by speculators for a fall. Receipts have not warranted hopes of a great advantage, nor do they now warrant much expectation of decline. Western receipts are smaller than last year, and Atlantic exports not large, though over 4 per cent larger than a year ago. Corn receipts continue heavy, and exports for the week were 3,323,337 bushels, against 1,142,710 last year and against Atlantic exports of wheat amounting, flour included, to only 1,542,-522 bushels, against 967,553 last year. In spite of floods, which must have materially affected the prospect, cotton has only advanced an eighth during the week. Receipts thus far still indicate a supply of American considerably greater than has ever been consumed in one year, but uncertainty about the coming crop induces much buying.

The demand for cotton goods does not increase, although sales of fair magnitude continue, but print cloths are dull. Speculation in wool has been checked by the possibility that duties may take effect April 1, and some large shipments from abroad have been countermanded, while traders here are less disposed to sell. But trading between dealers makes up more than half of 12,749,000 pounds for the week and since sales in six weeks at three markets have been 70,-434,700 pounds, it is not improbable that many mills have, as is claimed, a full year's supply. The demand for men's goods has diminished, the first round of purchases having been completed by many buyers with results fairly encouraging and the demand for dress goods has caused an advance of five per cent in some lines.

The iron industry is hampered by the contest between Mesaba ore interests, which prevents, as yet, any settlement of ore prices, and leads many to expect further decline in finished products. The Illinois Steel Works, the Lake Erie works at Cleveland, and the works of Oliver & Co. and Byers & Co., at Pittsburg, are stopped by labor difficulties, and some furnaces have stopped because the production of pig iron has outrun the demand for finished products, and heavy stocks remained unsold. Bessemer, at Pittsburg, for pig brings only $10, and gray forge only $8.75, the lowest on record, but no quotable decline is seen in finished products, and nails are strong.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., April 13, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	April 13.	April 6.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	124	123¾
U. S. 4's (new) registered	124¼	123
U. S. 5's coupons	114	114
U. S. 5's registered	114	114
U. S. 4's coupons	112½	112½
U. S. 4's registered	111	111
U. S. 2's registered	96½	96½
Pacific 6's of '95	104	103¾

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Note.—There will be no sessions of the Toledo Produce Exchange or other exchanges of the country on Friday next, Good Friday.

Wheat started a little lower to-day on indifferent cables. Much of the wheat that was bought at the advance yesterday in the general markets was for sale. A factor of weakness was large receipts in the Northwest. Cables afterward came firm, and the markets strengthened a little. At the close prices were steadier at ⅛c to ¼c under the opening. Trade very fair.

Corn held steady throughout the day with a fair business done. At Chicago cash corn was worth 23½@23¾c; May, 23⅝@24c, 23¾c, 24c, then 23¾@23¾c. At New York May corn opened at 29¾c, steadied to 29⅝c bid, and closed at 29⅝c asked; July, 30¾c, 31c, then 30⅝c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

May—	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	91½	91½	91½	91½
Chicago	67⅜	67⅞	67⅜	67⅝

April wheat at Chicago, 67c bid, close 67⅜c asked; July, 67¼c, 68c, 67¼c, then 67⅝@67¼c. At Chicago July wheat opened at 73½c, fell to 72⅝c, rose to 73c bid, and closed at 73c asked. At St. Louis July wheat opened at 72c, eased to 71⅞@71½c, rose to 73c, and closed at 72¾@72¼c.

Closing Liverpool: Spot wheat 1d higher; futures, ½d higher. Corn, spot, ½d higher; futures, ½d higher. Closing Paris: Wheat, 10@20 centimes higher. Berlin wheat, ¾ mark higher. Antwerp, 12½ centimes higher. The Kentucky crop report makes the condition of wheat 94 on April 1, against 88 March 1 and 89 April 1, 1896. Oats crop, owing to continued rains, will be at least three weeks later than an average year. Most favorable report does not indicate that more than 50 per cent of a crop was in the ground April 1, and in some counties sowing had barely begun on this date.

Cash sales: Wheat, No. 2 red, 3,000 bushels; same time last year, 399,000. Shipments, 223,000 bushels; same time last year, 130,000. Receipts of corn, 266,000 bushels; same time last year, 249,000. Shipments, 46,000 bushels; same time last year, 372,000.

Bradstreet's shows: Wheat, decrease east of Rockies, 1,229,000 bu.; Europe, decrease, 1,000,000 bu. Corn, decrease, 970,000 bu. Oats, 1,052,000 bu.

New York reports 30 loads taken for export.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 81,920 bu.; flour, 19,000 bbls.; or wheat and flour as wheat, 167,460 bu.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: Wheat, 257,546 bu.; on track, 304 cars; same time last year, 455 cars.

Puts on May wheat at Chicago at 1.30, 66¾c nominal; calls, 68⅝@68¾c; July puts, 66¼@66¾c; calls, 68c asked.

Puts on May corn for cash, 88.32 nominal; May, 88.52; close 88.37 asked.

Lard for cash at Chicago, $4.20 nominal; May, $4.25; close, $4.20@4.22.

Oats for cash at Chicago, 16c nominal; May, 16⅝@16¾c; July, 16½c bid.

Estimated receipts at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 6; corn, 55; oats, 102.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

At the close to-day at the Toledo exchange cash and future delivery wheat was lower. Trade good on July, but moderate for other futures and cash. The market closed steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 88¾@90½c, less price to close; No. 3 soft red, 85c, 88½c. Then 88½c bid.

May wheat opened at 91½c; July, 71¾c, 72¼c, 72¾c, then 72½c; September, 70½c, 70¾c and next 70½c.

Corn—Active, Steady.

There was an active trade for corn, with steady prices ruling. No. 2 mixed corn, 29¾c; No. 2 white, 29¾c; No. 3 corn, 29¾c; No. 3 white, 29c; No. 3 yellow, 29c; May corn, 29¾c; July, 29½c; September, 29½c